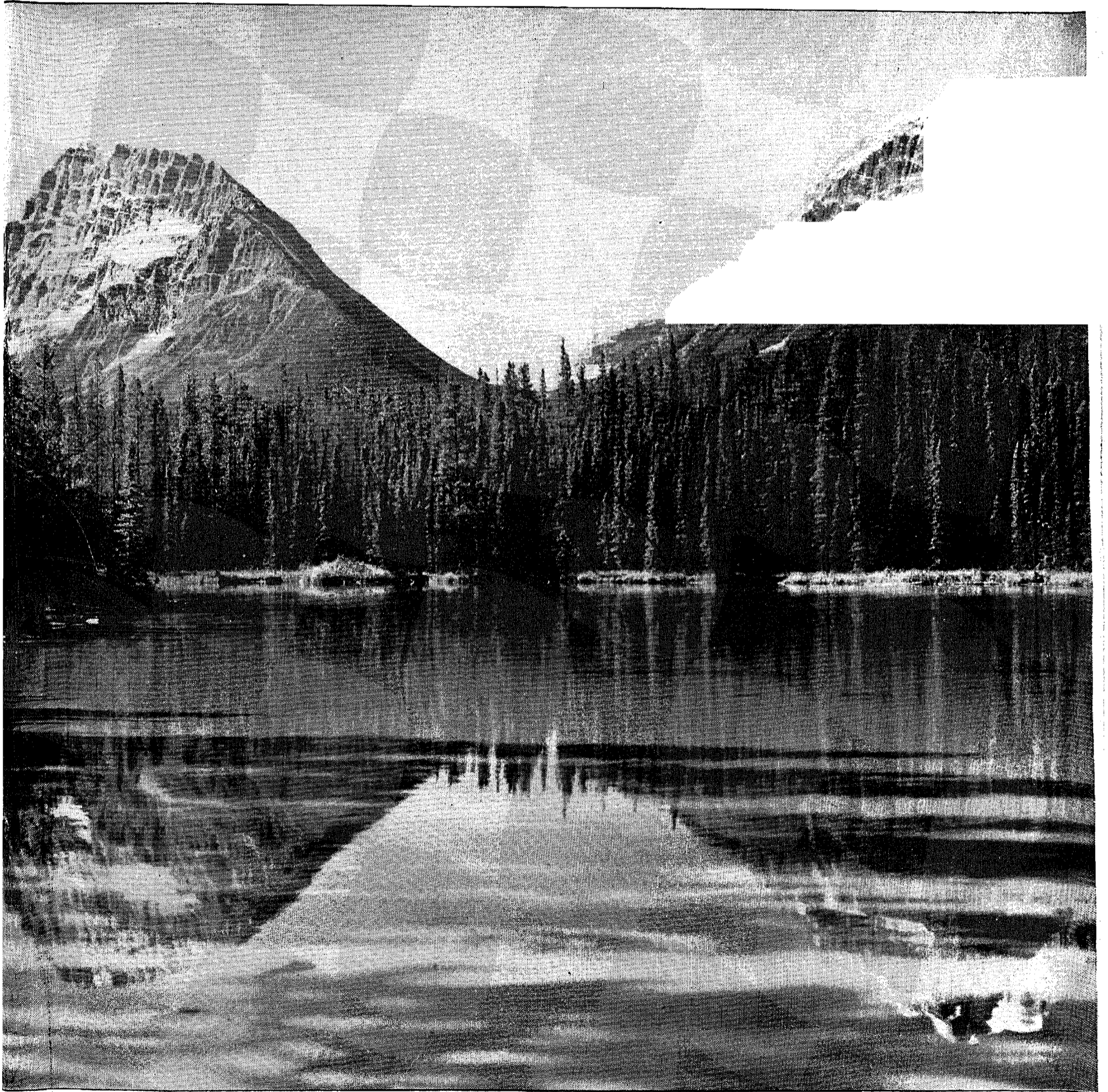


 **The WAR CRY**
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

No. 3547

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1952

Price Ten Cents

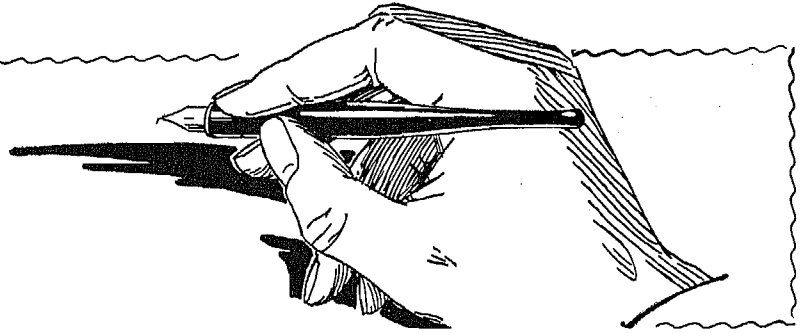


Leach Lake, Banff, Jasper National Park, Alta.

STRENGTH, PEACE AND SERENITY are represented by this superb Canada West scene. God's Word says, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." (Isaiah 26:3.) Troubled soul, put this promise to the test.

Our Readers Write

ON VARIED THEMES



Back To The Beginning

BY BRIGADIER PIMM SMITH (R), BIDBOROUGH, ENGLAND

OF Abram it is recorded that, after a sojourn in Egypt, where he had gone on account of famine in the Promised Land, he returned to Bethel where his tent had been "at the beginning," and where he had made an altar. Similarly, after twenty years in Padan-aram, Jacob came back to that same Bethel (where earlier he had made a vow that the Lord should be his God) and, as though renewing his vow of long before, he built there an altar and called the place "El-beth-el," which means the God of Bethel.

These actions of the patriarchs may have suggested the line in one of our songs, "Lord, I to Thee my vows renew," or that in another song, "High heaven that heard the solemn vow, that vow renewed shall daily hear." It is a good thing frequently to go back in thought to the beginning of our spiritual life to confirm us in the confidence with which we then were able to say, "Tis done, the great transaction's done," and to see whether we have held fast to the vows we made at that time. Indeed it is not a bad thing to have some sign by means of which we can remind ourselves of what then happened.

Nail for Remembrance

As a boy I attended a Methodist chapel, and in a pew a little forward from my mother's, an old-type Methodist sat. He was a shoemaker who had been converted years before in the pew where he now had a "sitting," and to celebrate the event he had knocked a brass-headed nail into one of the floor boards of his pew.

In those days it was the custom to hold quarterly love feasts at which an opportunity was afforded to members to give their personal testimony. Unfailingly old Solomon Dingle would stand and repeat the lines, "Long my imprisoned spirit lay fast bound in sin and nature's night; Thine eye diffused a quickening ray; I woke; the dungeon flamed with light! My chains fell off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and followed Thee." Then Solomon would point to the brass-headed nail and say, "That is the spot where it was done," and the old man's soul was cheered and the hearers were blessed as he went

back to the beginning of his Christian life.

About fifty years ago the Founder was in Nottingham—his birthplace—for a weekend. The Saturday night meeting was held in the big schoolroom underneath Broad Street Chapel, the scene of the Founder's conversion. After the meeting he and a few of his staff made their way to a classroom quite close to where I was on duty. As the party entered the room I stepped forward a few paces and through the open door I could see and hear all. The Founder pointed to a spot on the floor and said, "That was where I knelt," then giving a few more particulars he stood for a moment or two gazing at the place where he gave his heart and life to God, thus securing not only his own salvation, but the salvation, as it transpired, of thousands of others.

It is not difficult to imagine that as the Founder stood in that room he would think of, and renew, the vows he had made there some fifty-six years before, and that an upsurge of gratitude would possess him for the fullness of grace and of blessing he had experienced during the intervening years.



SUNDAY:

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name.—Psalm 103:1.

Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,

Awake my voice, and sing
The mighty works or mightier name

Of our eternal King.

MONDAY:

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise. . . —Psalm 100:4.

Oh, enter then His gates with praise,

Approach with joy His courts unto;

Praise, laud and bless His name always,

For it is seemly so to do.

TUESDAY:

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord . . . For He hath clothed me with the garments of Salvation. . .

Isaiah 61:10.

My gracious Master and my God,

Assist me to proclaim,

To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

A remarkable story is told of a drunken man who entered the hall of the Dingle Corps, in Liverpool, one Saturday night and, before the meeting was over, knelt at the penitent-form and found salvation. The next day, although he knew that some great change had taken place within him, he did not remember much of what had happened the

Whom I Believe

NOT what but whom I do believe,
That in my darkest hour of need
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give.
Not what—but whom.

For Christ is more than all the creeds,

And His full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.

Not what, I do believe, but whom;
Who walks beside me in the gloom?
Who shares the burden wearisome?

Who all the dim way doth illumine?
And bids me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live.

Not what I do believe,
But whom—not what—but whom?

John Oxenham

night before. One thing he did know—he had a sore knee. Examination led to the conclusion that he had injured the flesh on a nail. When he looked at the place where he had knelt he found that a bent nail was sticking up above the board. Kneeling on that had given him his

sore knee. That man became a soldier and a bandsman; moreover he built up a successful business.

When the Dingle corps changed over from the poor building in which it had been housed to a specially built new hall, the man who had borne the marks of a nail in his knee drew out the nail from the floor, took it home, and having fixed it in a frame hung it up in his shop for all his customers to see, as a constant reminder to himself of the pit of sin from which he had been lifted, and as a tribute of thanksgiving to his Lord whose hands had been pierced by nails which had fastened Him to the cross for the procuring of his salvation.

It is a good thing for the Lord's people to let their thoughts "go back to the beginning."

The Widow's Might

A RICH man responded to an appeal from a missionary collector by saying, "Why, yes, I suppose I shall have to give you my mite."

"Thank you very much," said the collector, "that will endow our entire enterprise."

"What do you mean?" asked the gentleman.

"Why," said he, "how much are you worth?"

"About seventy thousand dollars." "Well, the widow's mite was all she had," was the answer. "Jesus said, 'This poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all she had even all her living.'" I shall be quite content to take one-half your mite, even less than that, and will put you down with many thanks for thirty thousand dollars."

"Shall I give to the Lord of that which hath cost me nothing?" was David's expression of the true meaning of sacrifice.

MORNING DEVOTIONS

Helpful Meditations from the Bible and the Song Book

WEDNESDAY:

Give thanks unto the Lord . . . make known His deeds among the people.—I Chronicles 16:8.

So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,

Thy grace for every sinner free;

Till all mankind shall learn Thy name,

Shall all stretch out their hands to Thee.

THURSDAY:

Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.—2 Corinthians 9:15.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,

Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,

O Saviour of mankind.

FRIDAY:

. . . Stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.—I Chronicles 23:30.

My vows I will to His great name

Before His people pay,

And all I have, and all I am,
Upon His altar lay.

SATURDAY:

Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord. . . —Phil. 3:1.

For why? The Lord, our God,
is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly
stood,
And shall from age to age
endure.

The WAR CRY

Official organ of The Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Albert Orsborn, General; William R. Dalziel, Territorial Commander, International Headquarters, Denmark Hill, London; Territorial Headquarters, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

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HOW TO BE SAVED

REALIZE that you are a lost sinner unless saved by the grace of God. REPENT of your sins, and CONFESS them to God. Determine to renounce all evil, and to make restitution to those whom you may have wronged.

BELIEVE, as you pray, that God hears you; that at the moment of confession He forgives you for Christ's sake, and receives you into His favor.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17.

INDIAN PIONEER CALLED HOME

AFTER three days of deep conviction, Henry F. Burfoot, then a boy in his teens, was converted in 1883 at The Salvation Army Mercy-Seat in Hastings, Eng. He was then a village blacksmith, but hearing the divine command, "This is the way; walk ye in it," left his anvil to obey. Two years of soldiery brought him into contact with the fierce antagonism of "The Skeleton Army."

In the year 1886 he distinctly heard the Divine Call to service in India, and did not immediately obey, but to his surprise was asked by telegram from headquarters if he was willing to go to that land.

The young officer no longer held back, but even disposed of his English clothes and donned Indian dress, although it was snowing as he made his way to the ship in bare feet.

Henry Burfoot adopted the Indian name of "Dayasagar," and made himself proficient in the vernacular languages. During the famine of 1897, Dayasagar lived in a mud hut among the Telugu people, adding yet another language to the growing list. He became a compiler of Salvation Army song books. Out of 400 songs in one book, 320 are of his composition or translation. His appointment as editor of the Army's vernacular papers published in Bombay, as well as editor of the Gujarati "War Cry," gave him a challenging field in which he exercised a tremendous power for good.

As training college principal and as officer responsible for advanced training in Gujarati, Lt.-Colonel Burfoot also wielded a helpful influence among young Indians. He established the initial day-schools of the Army in India, and became a member of the Government committee inquiring into the conditions of the depressed classes. In this connection he travelled widely and met members of almost every government department.

He was the happy translator for many leaders visiting India, some times facing audiences of 15,000—a long trail this, from the slow-speaking English village boy!

The Colonel recently died in London, England.



INDIA'S ARMY BEGINNINGS

The Same Year As Canada's



THE Times, Bombay, India, announced in its issue dated September 18, 1882, the arrival of four Salvation Army officers, who were passengers on the Ancona mail steamer. It announced the route of the first Army march of witness in India. The officers were led by Major Frederic Tucker, later Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

Seventy years to the day and time, a number of comrades travelled over the same route, singing songs of praise. At Appolo Bundar, where the first officers landed, an open-air meeting was held. The Salvationists were all in uniform, the band wearing red tunics and white caps, and the women red blouses

and white saris, carrying colored texts in the vernacular languages.

In the evening a pageant was presented by the young people in the Jubilee Hall, where the landing of the first officers was depicted. A representation of the Army crest was also given, and the united corps cadet brigades also participated. The day of commemoration ended with the singing of the Doxology.

In Nasrapur, three days of council meetings were conducted, during which inspirational messages were given by the leaders. Practical subjects regarding corps administration were discussed. It was learned that there was an increasing demand for copies of the Bible.

FROM WITHIN WALLS

Climbing Upwards

By Senior Major Marion Neill, R.N.

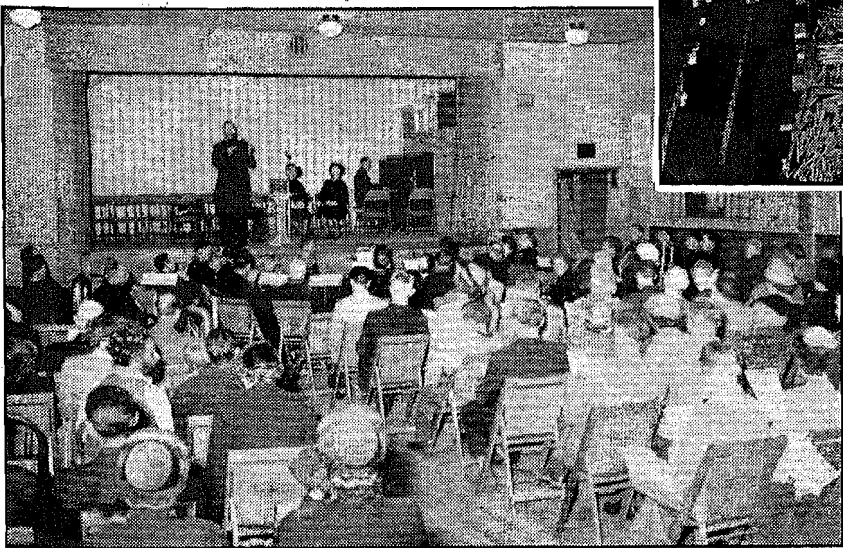
"LET your enemies kick you upstairs." So read a newspaper heading. It is an intriguing thought. We all realize that everyone we meet will either like us, or dislike us. And those who dislike us can be a great challenge to us, and give us a real boost upwards if we are in God's will, and have His peace in our hearts.

This fact was proved by Joseph, of Egyptian fame, several thousand years ago. Joseph's brothers were jealous of him, and cast him into a pit, thinking to harm him. They thought they were sending him to his death. In reality they sent him to honor, wealth and fame. They started a chain of events which eventually saved their own lives in time of famine. They thought they had banished him to purgatory, but they pushed him nearer Paradise.

Kicked upstairs—Godward—upward—nearer holiness—"Without which, no man shall see God." Upward—nearer Heaven—God's dwelling-place. "I go to prepare a place for you," said Jesus.

A FLOURISHING TOWN ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

IN A RECENT WAR CRY the first report of the progress made in the corps at Pt. Albernie, B.C., was given. The top picture shows the town itself, with the pine-clad mountains in the background. The other two photographs show the interior of the hall—from two angles—on the occasion of the opening meetings, when Victoria Citadel Band provided the music. The officers in charge are Sr. Major and Mrs. H. Nyrenod.



At Anand, the Salvationists commemorated the seventieth anniversary by an impressive march of witness, which included the members of the Emery Hospital staff, led by the Chief Medical Officer, Lt.-Colonel (Dr.) B. Cook. Out through the gate they poured. First were two rows of uniformed Salvationists, then flag-bearers high on a camel, then a jeep, in which rode the Territorial Commander, Commissioner Janet Allan and other officers, floats and jeeps and marching soldiers followed. The Army in India had come a long way since the first march by Major Tucker, Captain Bullard and Lieut. Norman at Appolo Bundar, Bombay.

A Changed Opinion

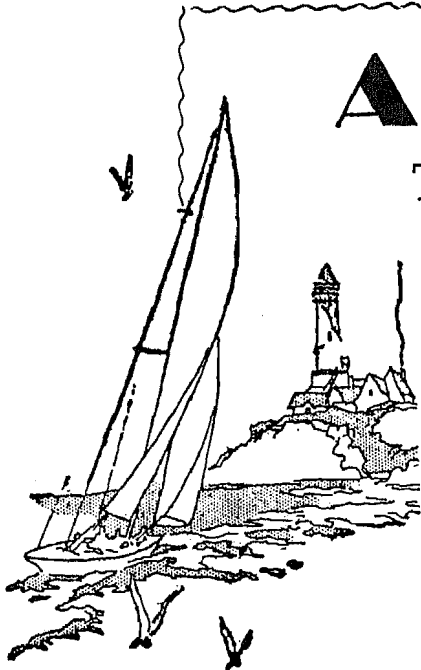
A monster open-air meeting was held beneath the shade of a grand old tree. At the conclusion of the meetings, the Salvationists marched to the Municipal Gardens, where they were greeted by municipal officials. In his speech the Hon. Ras Bahadur said, "Seventy years ago, the people persecuted The Salvation Army because they thought you would defile them. Now we give you garlands, because we have learned during these years that you take away the defilement of the people."

"Oh I'm climbing up the golden stairs to Glory!
Oh, I'm climbing with my golden crown before me!
I am climbing in the light,
I am climbing day and night,
I shall shout with all my might when I get there"

GOOD SAMARITANS USE CAR

FINDING a drunken citizen on his hands one afternoon after visiting an outpost, a corps officer decided to see him home safely. The officer's wife set her feelings aside sufficiently to accompany him on his mission. The drunk was escorted to the officers' car and, in due course, the trio arrived at the town where the intoxicated one lived.

He would not say where his home was, but insisted on being taken to a cafe, where his pals were. They welcomed him vociferously, carried him in, and were so pleased with the officers' kindly act that they took up a collection and offered them a goodly sum. This the Salvationists tactfully refused. "We do not do this kind of work for money", they said, "Please do not offer it to us. We are only too glad to be of service to your friend."



Adventurous Mary

The Girl Who Became a Missionary Nurse

Major Mary Layton (R), now living in Newfoundland, spent many years as missionary nurse in China, where she was interned during the last war. As a young girl in England she determined to enter the nursing profession. She was eventually accepted for training in Hull. After graduation Mary's application for a position in the Falkland Islands was accepted. Mary finds life interesting on the island, but is caught up with the worldly, card-playing, smoking, drinking ways of her colleagues. Having no principles in regard to religion she drifts with the tide. When her term is completed, Mary returns to England. After her mother's death Mary accepts a nursing post in Newfoundland sponsored by the wife of the governor.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"YOU must stay with me and have a thorough rest," said Lady A—. She and Mary were having morning tea and had been discussing the year's work. "I can see it has been a strenuous year," Lady A— continued, "but we want you to take a post that in some ways will be even more trying. The district is larger, the people more scattered, conditions more primitive, the climate more severe."

"Are you trying to frighten me?" asked Mary, smiling.

"Far from it," the Governor's wife assured her. "But I do want you to see how necessary it is that you should be fit."

"And where is this place," asked Mary, interestedly.

She was told that it was on Bonne Bay—a place of which she had never even heard. "It is on the other side of Newfoundland," explained her ladyship—"the extreme West. You go by rail to Corner Brook and then take a boat through the Bay of Islands up to your post. There is a very large district—only sparsely populated, and absolutely without medical attention. We do not expect you to cover it all—it would be folly to try—but we think that, perhaps, you might manage a radius of eight miles from your centre. A nurse is badly needed there, and we believe you are the very one to grapple with the difficulties of the situation. It's an extremely cold place and you will be there in the depth of winter. Be sure to take plenty of warm clothing with you. In the meantime, I want you to have a complete rest."

After a fortnight, however, word came that the last sleeper for the season was scheduled to start the next day. So Mary, her trunk well stocked with woollies, left for her new post.

No luxurious private coach was at her disposal this time; but she sat by the window watching with enjoyment much the same scenery through which she had travelled a year before. It promised to be a cold winter, she thought, for there

was a distinct difference in the temperature, though it was but a few weeks later in the season. The difference became more marked as they neared the west coast, and when she left the train at Corner Brook the air was icy.

"But it's delightful," she told herself as she sniffed it appreciatively. "Very different from Port Union. There the prevailing odor was fish. Here it's—what?" She sniffed again. "Lumber," said a fellow passenger coming up. "Lumber is what you smell."

"Where is it?" asked Mary, glancing round the little settlement. He nodded towards a pile of buildings from which came the throb of machinery. "It comes down the river to the paper mills. The trees are cut miles up and come floating down. Interesting sight! So are the mills, if you've never seen any."

Out at Bonne Bay, however, lumber became but a memory. Here, all too soon, the countryside was white. Accommodation had been provided for her in the home

mail from outlying districts was brought in by dogs.

"But there was one dog running ahead and not harnessed at all. Is he a spare?" she inquired of her host.

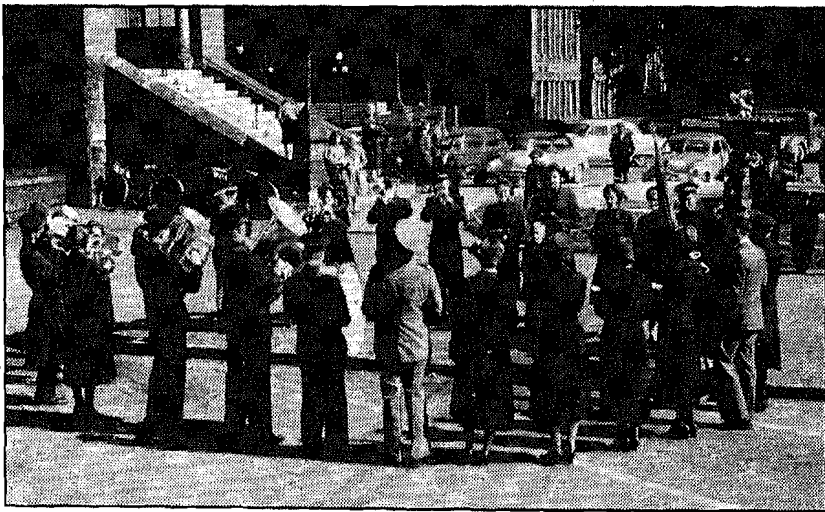
He laughed. "That's the old dog—the leader. He trains the others. If the man hasn't a leader and his dogs are not well trained, he may have to run ahead himself. Ever had a ride? They'll give you one."

They were quite ready to do so, she found, but she needed to be agile. Trudging across the frozen harbor one day—it was three miles across—she saw a komotik in the distance.

"My, I'd like a ride!" said tired Mary to herself, "but it's too far away."

As though he read her thoughts, the driver made a detour and overtook her. "Like a lift, Nurse?" he asked, running beside the sledge. He seized her bag and her arm and she leapt on as the sledge went my.

Here, too, she learned to walk on snow shoes. It was at the mailman's



DURING THE RECENT CAMPAIGN conducted by the Territorial Team of Evangelists in Fredericton, N.B., open-air meetings were held during the day in the centre of the city. Visiting officers and comrades of the local corps also participated.

of a resident at Woody Point, where her landlady soon instructed her in the art of dressing to suit the climate. "Take care of your feet, Nurse. Take care of your feet. You want plenty of knitted stockings."

"I have two pairs on," said Mary, "and knee-high moccasins."

"Another pair outside those moccasins would keep you from slipping," advised Mrs. Bennett. "And have you spikes for climbing the hillsides? You'll need to strap them on."

Never had her services been so appreciated—as on the west coast, where the only medical attention was through the occasional visit of a doctor. To distinguish Mary from the physician she was as often called "The Woman" as "The Nurse." And for "The Woman" on her visits, the poorest home would have a drink of hot cocoa waiting, while that man who could devise a gift to meet her needs was the envied of his fellows.

One man brought her a tiny home-made lantern, which Mary hailed as the best present she had ever received. Not more than six inches high and made of tin, wire, and a small lamp glass, it was so light, that it swung with the wind. Yet even when she fell, it kept alight.

At this post she saw her first komotik—a kind of narrow sledge drawn by a team of dogs; for the

house, eight miles out, where she had stayed the night, that she saw what looked like racquets on the wall.

"What are those things? How do you use them?" she inquired.

"Just walk," said the mailman.

"Could I have a lesson?"

The nurse could have anything—particularly when she had tramped eight miles to be of service to them. The obliging mailman strapped on the snow shoes and walked out, though the snow was but thin.

"What are you doing?" asked his astounded neighbors.

"Giving the nurse a lesson," said he, grinning.

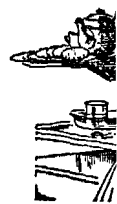
Their devotion to their mates amazed her, too. Often they came for her over bad roads through terrible weather to bring her to a sick mate, and always they saw her safely home, though she sometimes wondered how they got back.

Two men came on skates for her one day. It had rained, then frozen, and the harbor was like glass.

"I can't skate," protested Mary. They went away and returned with a child's toboggan in which they placed her, then skated ahead, pulling the toboggan. The trip was not without danger, for part of the harbor was without ice. On the far side there was a mountain to be climbed, and here her spikes failed, causing further difficulty, but beyond that horses with jingling bells

OUR
SERIAL
STORY

BY ADELAIDE
AH KOW



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF

Prince George, B.C., Captain and Mrs. E. J. District Officer, Major conducted Thanksgiving gatherings, the first of a praise meeting on Sat

On Sunday morning, ing the outpost comp the Major spoke in meeting, when he hearers to live for God gave a message to the b in radioland during Sunday School of the speaking in the comp he went to the women he gave a message to t In the evening salval the visitor's challeng brought conviction and woman accepted the L

On Monday night the neyed to Willow River spoke to twenty-six me outpost home league Mrs. B. Smith).



A message in picture is The Young Soldier Christmas 1952, of which the colorful front cover is replete with in black-and-white special issue contains six original articles, poems a leading Army writers of n cluding Australia, Arger and Canada. Copies of the tainable at the price of five Corps officers may obtal if ordered from the Print 471 Jarvis Street, Toronto than December 1.

and a sleigh were wait the journey.

After all the trouble taken, Mary had not tell them that there the matter with their dose of castor oil and a ance would not cure back, she was concerne the ice was getting soft they manage the retu She knew enough by t it could be dangerous pooh-poohed her fears, encountered trouble, n know of it.

Many difficulties, h had to face herself, and of every ounce of her s (To be contin



The Golden West

Our Scribe contacts corps and institutions in the western provinces, meets some interesting people and ::

finds :: the work is progressing ::



By "OBSERVER"

THE train gave a gentle lurch, and the platform lights of Toronto's Union Station began moving backward. I looked at my watch: eleven o'clock; the scheduled train time. My journey to the "Golden West" had begun. No one's education is complete without a knowledge of Canada West—Westerners will be the first to admit that—and I felt that, in order to get the right perspective on the reports which arrive in The War Cry office from all parts of the territory—including the West—and to give them a fair representation in the Army's weekly journal—it was necessary to see the places they dealt with. Then I hoped to visit a few of the many homes and institutions strung across the territory like a chain of hopeful lamps, and bring into the limelight news that is created by folk who are too modest—or too busy—to set down as material for that host of eager readers of The War Cry.

Unfamiliar Landscape

Next morning, I raised the blind in my berth and looked out curiously on a landscape I had never seen before. We were approaching Sudbury, in the famous northern Ontario region, and I saw slender birch trees slipping past, while, here and there, great ridges of grey rock reared their fantastic shapes into the sunrise. I was to see that same sight the whole of that day—and then some—millions of pencil-thin trees with bleak stretches of drab rock—the bare ribs of a continent. I was looking at part of the pre-Cambrian shield of granite that stretches clear across northern Ontario, Quebec and Labrador—a dreary terrain some might think, yet (as we know now) full of bursting with wealth that would have made the treasures of the Incas a mere trickle. Gold and silver, uranium, platinum, nickel, copper, asbestos and almost every ore one can think of lies buried in this seemingly inhospitable region, and only a fraction of it has been mined.

Oh, the aching emptiness of this area! Mile after mile of forest and rock, then a tiny settlement bravely existing, only emphasizing the vastness of the space yet unfilled. This region calls for a host of settlers—men willing to work and pit their brawn and brain against the wilderness. I picked up the "Globe" today and saw where an industrialists' conference had urged for an increase of Canada's population to thirty million by 1975. That is the spirit of enterprise which will make Canada, yet it is a small increase compared with the tremendous influx of new blood into the United States during the nineteenth century.

The train had been running almost

due north during the night as it followed a route roughly parallel with Lake Huron. Now it turned west; we were headed at last for that land towards the sunset—the Golden West. We still had a mighty big patch of Ontario to traverse—the part that lies north of Georgian Bay's "north channel" and the north shore of huge Lake Superior, but the train sped along purposefully to fulfill its destiny.

It was quite nippy at Sudbury, where I got off and walked up and down the platform. I saw, across the station yard, a town adorned with ample signs of prosperity. A stone's throw from the depot stood the "Community Arena"—a substantial, modern-looking brick building. As the train pulled out, I could see new schools and hospitals all dotted about the thriving town, and a sign on one ornate building gave a clue to the obvious aura of prosperity. It read "Consolidated Nickel Company". Yes, "thar's

said, "the plant of the Consolidated Nickel—and that central chimney is the largest smokestack in the British Empire. Laid flat, it would provide a tunnel for three locomotives abreast!" I expressed my incredulity. "The gold and silver they dig incidentally in that mine—which is, of course, predominantly engaged in mining copper and nickel—pays the running expenses." He seemed a well-informed individual, and I mused on his information while I tackled my shredded wheat.

A tall young man clad in a grey suit, wearing a black vest and a white Roman collar came up to my table, extended his hand and introduced himself. As he studied the menu we talked, and I found out he was a minister from a district near Port Arthur, who was returning from a conference of his colleagues at Kingston, Ont. He told me he had been sent out as a "missionary" to

his evident evangelism and belief in Christ as the Great Physician came with more than usual force. Somehow the conversation swung around to the Army, and I was surprised at his knowledge of the organization—even to Mrs. Catherine Booth's historic "never," uttered when the church leaders tried to get William Booth to agree to what seemed impossibly severe terms.

We were joined by a man who, it transpired, is the member of parliament for one of the ridings along the lake. It was not long before we were in the midst of a friendly but intense discussion on the liquor traffic, and my clerical friend was making the member a little uncomfortable asking him questions as to the rightness of the government's accepting enormous profits as a result of the taxation on liquor.

Boot-leggers Still

We could see he was frankly puzzled with the complex problems of the drink situation and, while he said he felt the government was handling it in the best way possible, we could see he was a little dubious. The minister praised the days of prohibition and, in reply to the member's challenge about the bootlegging that flourished in those days, he presented the incontrovertible fact that there are more "blind pigs" than ever today. "As soon as the liquor stores close," he said, "the boot-legger opens!"

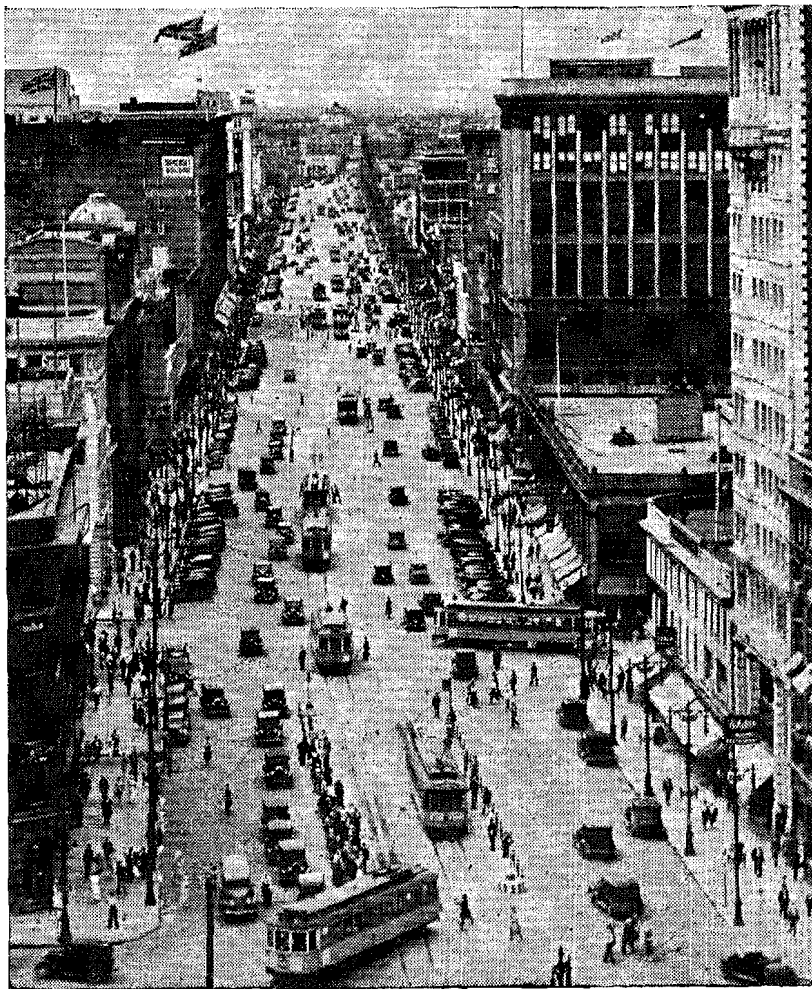
The train rolled on, and innumerable lakes relieved the monotony of the landscape—blue sparkling bodies of water from a few yards wide to a mile—as lonely and void of any sign of human habitation as a cloud. In southern Ontario every one of them would be surrounded by a cluster of summer cottages. Here, they sparkle in solitude—except for maybe a flock of waterfowl, a thirsty moose or a busy beaver. I saw the first beaver lodge I had seen along the way. I had noticed a number of trees felled in the approved beaver fashion—chiselled into by the big buck teeth, around the base—and there, in a winding stream, stood a sturdy dome-shaped erection, made of mud and branches; the beaver family had holed up for the winter.

We passed a few isolated settlements during the day—houses of wood, oft-times unpainted, straggling along the sides of a stream or lake, and one wondered how the people in them managed to exist. One felt they were made of the stuff pioneers are made of—the folk who laid the foundations of Canada, and carved a civilization out of the wilderness. Toronto was once such a lonely cluster of houses, and visitors from England would look with the same wonderment and pity that we are inclined to show towards these present-day pioneers. Perhaps these tiny hamlets are the future Torontos and Montreals of a new Dominion!

A town of more encouraging size is Chapleau, and here I took the opportunity of taking a constitutional on the platform. I was amused at a sign along the gravel road that ran beside the tracks. It read, "speed limit, five miles per hour". For ten minutes or so the train remained at Chapleau, I did not see one vehicle use the road, much less infringe the law!

(To be continued)

CANADA'S WIDEST THOROUGHFARE



WINNIPEG'S PORTAGE AVENUE, reputedly the widest street in the Dominion. The Army's divisional headquarters is but a block or so from the busiest corner in this Manitoba centre—the Gateway to the Prairies, and a city of growing importance.

nickel in them thar hills," bleak and barren though they look. As the train bowled along, I obeyed the suggestion of a man in a white coat, making melody on a miniature xylophone, that I partake of breakfast. Seated in the dining-car I looked out of the window and caught sight of three large smokestacks, sending out plumes of black smoke. The waiter knew his north country. "That's Copper Cliff," he

his district at first, and the work had developed to such an extent that it had been decided to build a new church there, and make him the regular pastor.

He shared my seat during the day, and we had a long talk. He told me he had felt led to exercise faith for divine healing and the Lord had honored his faith in that the persons he prayed for got well. As he was a minister of an orthodox church,

Brengle Gives The Reasons

Why Holiness is Not Popular

Another Chapter from "Helps To Holiness"

By Commissioner S. L. Brengle

"Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" (2 Cor. 13:5).

"Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col 1:27).

DEAR brother, do not think you can make holiness popular. It cannot be done. There is no such thing as holiness separate from "Christ in you," and it is an impossibility to make Christ Jesus popular in this world. To sinners and carnal professors, the real Christ Jesus has always been and always will be "as a root out of a dry ground, despised and rejected of men." "Christ in you" is "the same yesterday, today, and forever"—hated, reviled, persecuted, crucified. "Christ in you" came not to send peace on earth, but a sword; came "to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household" (Matt. 10:35, 36). "Christ in you" will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed of penitence and humility; but He will pronounce the most terrible, yet tearful, maledictions against the hypocritical formalist and the lukewarm professor who are the friends of the world and, consequently, the enemies of God. "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God" (Jas. 4:4). "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John 2:15).

In the homes of the poor and the haunts of the outcast, "Christ in you" will seek and save the lost, and will sweetly, tenderly whisper, "Come unto Me, and I will give you

edged sword, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Seek to know and follow in the footsteps of the true, real Jesus; the humble, holy Peasant of Galilee, for, truly, many "false Christs" as well as "false prophets" have gone out into the world.

There are dreamy, poetical Christs, the words of whose mouths are "smoother than butter, but in whose

lee; but, going down among the fishermen, He soon shook the throne.

One day a rich young man—a ruler—came to Jesus and said, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" (Mark 10:17). No doubt, this young man reasoned somewhat thus with himself: "The Master is poor; I am rich. He will welcome me, for I can give Him financial prestige. The Master

sacrifice. You must elegant Jerusalem h with Me; but, rem of Man hath not w head. You will be better than a comm must sacrifice your give up your riches God chosen the poc rich in faith, and he dom?" (Jas. 2:5). for a camel to go of a needle than fo enter the Kingdo when you do this, yo reputation. The bar of Jerusalem will sa yourself, and your not acknowledge meet you on the str drawn to you; yea, I 10:21), but I tell yo you will not take follow Me, you can ple; yea, "if any m and hate not father, wife, and children and sisters, yea, al also, he cannot b (Luke 14:26). If yo you shall have trea (Matt. 19:21).

Do you not see of making such a r this popular? This spirit of the world posed to each oth motives on the san toward each other will consort togeth the "Christ in you of the world.

Do not waste yo fix up a popular l holy because the L Seek to please Him to the likes and disl those who are disp will soon see "Chr will cry out with me! for I am undoi a man of unclean in the midst of a p lips: for mine eye King, the Lord of ing at His feet, th the leper, "Lord, if canst make me ch having compassion say, "I will, be thou (To be co

Two Steps to the Victorious Life

THERE are but two steps which lead down into the pool which makes for consecration and trust. Difficulties attend both steps. Some are in doubt whether they should surrender all to the disposal of Christ. To such we say, "Consecrate all you know, and then all you do not know." This includes all your assets. God asks no more than this. At this point many fail through fear that they are to become paupers, when God means to endow them with untold wealth.

As to trust, keep on believing the promise and insisting that God is true. He may delay for days and weeks the declaration of your complete acceptance, in order to develop and test your faith. The longer the delay, if you trust unwaveringly, the more marvellous the manifestation of Christ to your soul as your complete Saviour.

Daniel Steel, in "Holiness Readings."

hearts is war; whose words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords" (Ps. 55:21). There are gay, fashionable Christs, "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having forms of godliness, but denying the power (holiness of heart) thereof; which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts; ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth" (2 Tim. 3:4-7).

There are mercantile Christs, who make God's house a den of thieves (Matt. 21:13).

There are feeding Christs, who would catch men by feeding the stomach rather than the heart and head (Rom. 16:18).

There are learned, philosophical Christs, who "spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world" (Col. 2:8).

There are political-reform Christs, who forget their Father's business in an all-absorbing effort to be elected, or elect, a ruler over this world; who travel half-way across the continent to deliver a speech, while a hundred thousand sinners are going to Hell at home; who vainly endeavor to club the fruit off the branches rather than to lay the axe at the root of the tree, that the tree may be good" (Matt. 3:10).

They wanted to make the "Christ in you" a king one day, but He wouldn't be a king, save of men's hearts. They wanted to make Him a judge one day for about five minutes, but He wouldn't be a judge. He made Himself of no reputation (Phil. 2:7). He might have moved among the upper classes of society, but He went from His Father's bosom, down past thrones, and all classes of society to the lowest place on earth, and became a Servant of all, that He might lift us to the bosom of the Father, and make us partakers of the divine nature and of His holiness (2 Peter 1:4; Hebrews 12:10).

"Christ in you" gets under men and lifts them. If He had accepted a throne He never would have reached the poor fishermen of Galilee.

is without influence in the state. I am a ruler; I can give Him political power. The Master is under a social ban, associating with those poor, ignorant fishermen; I, a wealthy young ruler, can give Him social influence."

But the Master struck at the heart of his worldly wisdom and self-conceit, by saying unto him, "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor; and come, follow Me." Come, you can serve Me only in poverty, in reproach, in humility, in social obscurity; for My Kingdom is not of this world, and the weapons of this warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. You must deny yourself, for if you have not My spirit you are none of Mine (Rom. 8:9), and My spirit is one of self-

The Master's Touch

In the still air the music lies unheard; In the rough marble beauty hides unseen; To make the music and the beauty, needs The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hands; Let not the music that is in us die! Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie! Spare not the stroke! Do with us as Thou wilt! Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred! Complete Thy purpose, that we may become Thy perfect image—Thou our God and Lord!

H. Bonar

rest," but in stately church and cathedral, where pomp and pride and conformity to the world mock God, He will cry out with weeping and holy indignation, "The publicans and harlots shall go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you."

"Christ in you" is not a gorgeously robed aristocrat, arrayed in purple and fine linen and gold and pearls, but is a lowly, peasant Carpenter, horny-handed, truth-telling, a Servant of servants, seeking always the lowest seats in the synagogues and feasts, condescending to wash the disciples' feet. He "respecteth not the proud" (Ps. 40:4), nor is He of those who "flatter with their tongue" (Ps. 5:9); but His "words are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times" (Ps. 12:6); words "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-

"One Moment, Please."

BRIEF MESSAGES BY CAPTAIN HUGH MAC

THE tongues of all of us play odd tricks at times upon their owners. Sometimes no one but we ourselves notice the error, but usually there are others around to pick up the mistake. Some even make profit of others' mistakes. There are columnists who fill many an otherwise empty column with type, simply by catching the slips made by other (and perhaps wiser) people.

Usually these mistakes are nothing more than a cause for merriment. One corps still remembers when I was reading the words of St. Paul in a meeting and, instead of quoting "now we see through a glass darkly," I boldly read out the words, "now we see through a dark glassy!"

Sometimes, though, I am left wondering if there might not be a divine intention behind the error. Surely, He can use our very mistakes to serve His Kingdom.

There was the time an officer was lining out the song which reads: "Do your duty, shirk it never." Only, on this occasion, he said: "Do your duty, shrink it never." Now, laugh first and then think again. Many Christians whose conscience would not permit them to shirk an ap-

parent duty are still it. They undertake it they reduce it to it tions, and then do just I am sure that is not of Christian service. duty and shrink it r

On a recent Sunday cadets stepped into t air meeting. She was of the grand invitatio celveth sinful men." reading contains the the sinfulness." But the line I was surpris "He will take the si

I am not sure that slip of the tongue. C rected her. But I sav in those two words wrong one) we have holiness. God first te it may apply to all all have sinned and one offendeth in all

And then, if we let need, He will take well. "And the blood cleanseth us from al



By a Salvation Song Over the Air Waves



THE last act of the drama of World War II had reached its frightful climax. The Oder front, this last bulwark against the advance of the allies, had broken down in several places. Strong tank wedges pushed through the numerous breaches of the German

front, and it had come to those desperate battles which put all earlier encounters of this sort in the shade. In the Spreewald, that district south-east of Berlin so well-known for its woods, lakes, rivers and fens, several German divisions had been encircled.

The iron ring around the Spreewald tightened and the detachments fighting drew daily closer together. Hundreds of howitzers and guns of every calibre spat their destructive volleys from every direction into the encirclement. Squadrons of bombers disgorged their devastating loads over our heads. In between, howling dive-bombers rushed over us and spat rattling sheaves of explosives into the forests, in which not only German troops but tens of thousands of civilian refugees, men, women and children, had sought refuge.

This massacre had already lasted for ten days. An unspeakable horror brooded over the Spreewald. Everyone still surviving there had long ago lost all sense of space and time. All thought, feeling and desire was burned out just as in the world surrounding us. Nothing was left but an inarticulate taste of fire and death and terrible loneliness.

As for myself, I lay in a sandpit among low shrubs.

Had I heard a human voice speaking? I turned my head; oh it was the comrade at my side. I just nodded and looked up at the sky in which, above clouds of acrid smoke, a dive-bomber squadron was just disappearing toward the horizon. And suddenly silence surrounded us. Only in the distance the battle roared and thundered. Painfully I tried to get to my feet. Then I staggered sideways into the bush where I knew our wireless set to be.

"Is the set still working?" I asked 'Sparks' on duty. He nodded.

"Let's see whether the rest of the world has already perished and we are the only ones remaining in this shambles", I said.

I had connected the set and turned the knob when suddenly I felt as if the ground was giving under me. I clasped first my head and then my heart, wondering whether I was alive or suddenly awakened in another world, for that which suddenly flooded my soul and surrounded me could not possibly be of this world. Thousands of angel-voices, with organ music and sound of trumpets, with 'Hallelujahs' and

'Glory to God in the highest' seemed to bid me welcome.

My soul listened—tensely, with a burning thirst. Indeed that was a song sung by angels. They sang in a language as familiar to me as my own, and the song they were singing I had myself long ago sung in this language, Swedish. It was the song:

*Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and
free,*

*Showers, the thirsty soul refresh-
ing:*

*Let Thy power descend on me—
Even me.*

*Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the
rather*

*Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me.*

'Even me, even me.' Hot and full of desire my thirsting soul united in the many-voiced prayer: 'Let Thy blessing fall on me!' I had collapsed on to a tree stump and grew oblivious of the Spreewald and of the battle. But when had a man with greater desire stretched his hands up for the mercy of God than was the case here in the soul of a soldier doomed to death! Has God's grace ever passed such a soul by without His hearkening to the cry for help? Thus in that hour I experienced in a new way and to an extent never felt before, the truth of the words 'I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.'

The bitter taste of death and of unutterable loneliness disappeared as mist before the wind. In me and around me everything became bright. Indeed, that wonderful grace of God had fallen upon me, (Continued on page 14)

WAR CRY SALES

It is gratifying to the publisher and the editor of The War Cry to sense the surging tide of rising sales sweeping the territory from coast to coast. It did not need the item referring to Australia—whose sales are (or were!) 25,000 more than those of the Canadian Territory—to spur on the officers and comrades who so faithfully dispose of "Our Own," but there is the feeling that, in these days of cheap, trashy literature, The War Cry provides a wholesome antidote, and carries the Story of Redeeming Love into homes whose occupants never attend a place of worship, and never hear the glorious tidings of eternal life.

The names printed in black type show corps that have increased since July 3, and week by week the number grows until, in time, we hope the entire list will be in bold type! While the cadets are in session, the sales will increase, in Toronto by 1,000, and in Newfoundland by 150. No group is more enthusiastic than cadets, and maybe this session of "Heralds" will see if they cannot beat the training college record for sales! Perhaps someone can find out what is that record! By the end of the year, it is hoped to give the total increase in the number of "Crys" disposed of in the territory.



400 and over		Under 400		Under 300		Under 200			
Halifax Citadel	500	Brantford, Ont.	375	London Citadel	290	Yorkville, Toronto	195	Kitchener, Ont.	140
Montreal Citadel	460	Regina Citadel	330	Victoria, B.C.	290	Oshawa, Ont.	191	Maisonneuve, Montreal	140
Calgary Citadel	400	Sydney Mines, N.S.	320	Lisgar, Toronto	285	Sydney, N.S.	185	Ottawa, Gladstone	140
		Hamilton, Bermuda	305	Glace Bay, N.S.	280	Parliament St., Toronto	180	Truro, N.S.	140
		Fredericton, N.B.	300	Kingston, Ont.	275	Sherbrooke, Que.	180	Whitby, Ont.	140
		Toronto Temple	300	Peterborough, Ont.	265	St. Catharines, Ont.	176	Orillia, Ont.	139
		Windsor Citadel, Ont.	300	New Westminster, B.C.	260	Fort William, Ont.	175	Chatham, Ont.	135
		Woodstock, Ont.	300	Moose Jaw, Sask.	254	French Corps, Montreal	175	Fort Frances, Ont.	135
		Yarmouth, N.S.	300	Belleville, Ont.	240	Nelson, B.C.	175	Park Extension, Montreal	135
				Saskatoon Citadel	240	Point St. Charles, Montreal	175	Prince Rupert	135
				Moncton, N.B.	235	Earls Court, Toronto	170	Welland, Ont.	135
				Galt, Ont.	225	Newcastle, N.B.	170	Winnipeg Citadel	133
				Saint John Citadel	225	North Bay	170	Cranbrook, B.C.	130
				Sarnia, Ont.	225	Notre Dame West, Montreal	170	New Waterford, N.S.	130
				Trail, B.C.	225	Prince Albert, Sask.	170	Simcoe, Ont.	130
				Vancouver Temple	225	Kentville, N.S.	160	West Toronto	130
				St. Thomas, Ont.	220	Long Branch, Ont.	160	Amherst Park, Montreal	129
				Timmins, Ont.	220	Springhill, N.S.	160	Hamilton, Wellington	129
				Campbellton, N.B.	205	Woodstock, N.B.	160	Amherst, N.S.	125
				Charlottetown, P.E.I.	200	Guelph, Ont.	155	Brampton, Ont.	125
				Ottawa Citadel	200	London East	155	Listowel, Ont.	125
				St. Stephen, N.B.	200	Sudbury, Ont.	155	Pictou, Ont.	125
				Stratford, Ont.	200	Vernon, B.C.	155	Port Colborne, Ont.	125
						East Toronto	153	Riverdale, Toronto	125
						Niagara Falls, Ont.	153	Saint John West	125
						Rosemount, Montreal	153	St. George's, Bermuda	125
						Danforth, Toronto	150	Dovercourt, Toronto	120
						Edmonton Citadel	150	Gander, Nfld.	120
						Fairbank, Toronto	150	Tillsonburg, Ont.	120
						Halfax North	150	Brandon, Man.	115
						Hamilton Citadel	150	Cobourg, Ont.	115
						Kamloops, B.C.	150	Estevan, Sask.	115
						Kenora, Ont.	150	Ingersoll, Ont.	115
						Lethbridge, Alta.	150	Mimico	115
						Mount Pleasant, Vancouver	150	Owen Sound, Ont.	115
						Sault Ste. Marie 1	150	Port Arthur	115
						Kirkland Lake, Ont.	145	St. John's Temple	115
						Verdun, Que.	145	Walkerville, Windsor	115
						Windsor, N.S.	145	Wallaceburg, Ont.	115
						Windsor, Ont., Partington	145	Brock Ave., Toronto	112
						Byng Ave., Toronto	140	Corner Brook, Nfld.	112
								Leamington, Ont.	112

Officers are urged to consider the number of soldiers on their roll, and available opportunities for disposing of copies of The War Cry, then to decide to increase both the sales and the spread of the Gospel message.

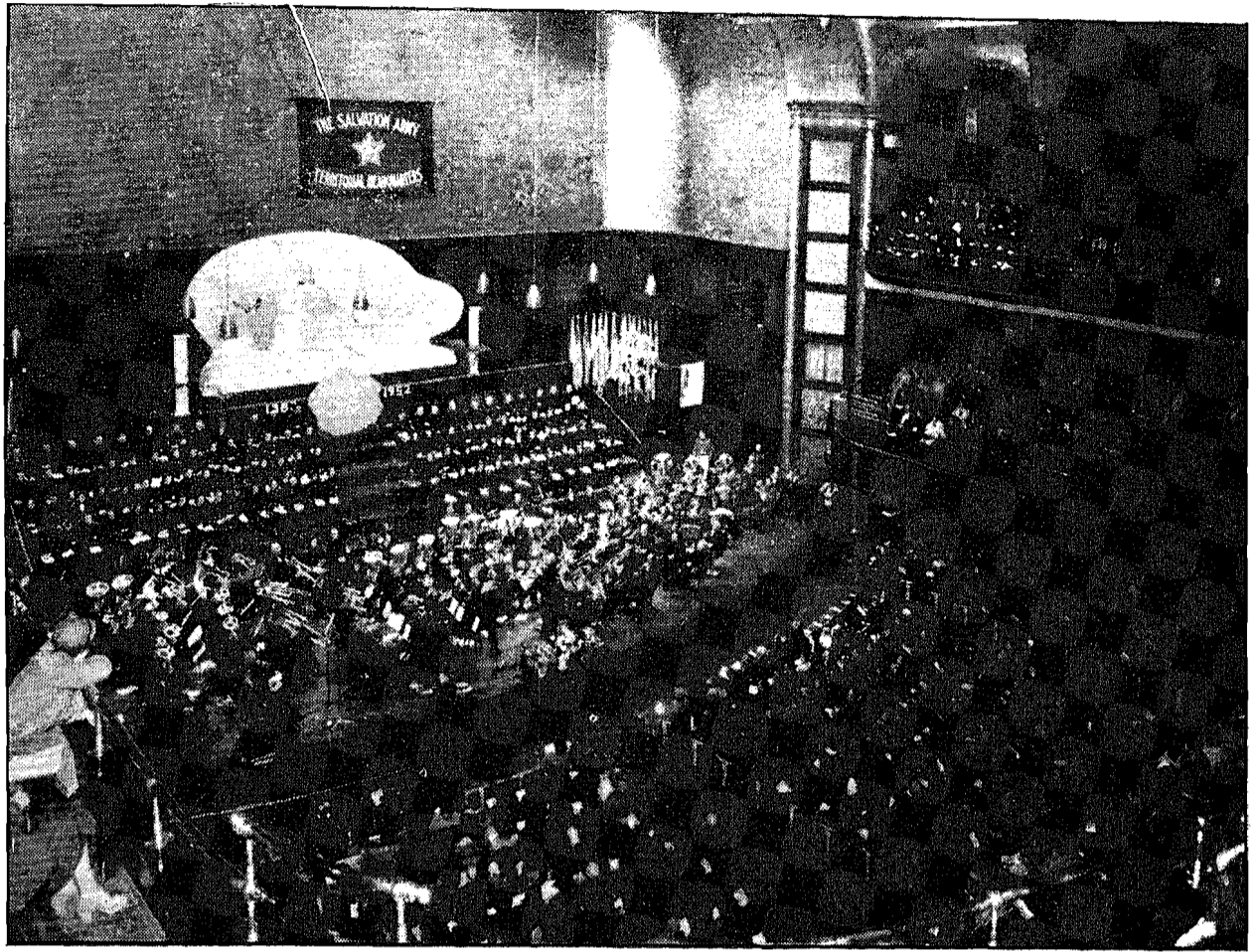
A Remarkable Army Family

One Man's Decision Resulted In An Army of Musicians

AT the time of the International Staff Band's memorable visit to the Territory, the Canadian War Cry contained a photograph of the band as it had appeared at the turn of the century. Among other British officers whose attention was drawn to the picture was Sr.-Major Violet Halsey, International Headquarters, London, who forwarded the following interesting information.

"The group includes my eldest brother," she writes, "the late Adjutant C. Halsey, who was promoted to Glory in 1913. My second brother, Edgar, was a Captain in the band about 1915. My youngest brother, Brigadier George D. Halsey, promoted to Glory last year, was a member of the band for at least twenty-five years. Incidentally, I have two officer-cousins in Canada, Sr.-Captain Edgar, and Major Ivan (named after Ivinghoe, the grandfather's native village in Buckinghamshire, England, from which market town Sir Walter Scott took the name—slightly altered—for his book, "Ivanhoe"). My grandfather, George Halsey, invited the Army to Ivinghoe after my father became an officer. He was formerly a Methodist and became sergeant-major of Ivinghoe circle corps. Father's youngest brother, Alfred, emigrated to Canada, with Sidney and Edgar, the corps bandmaster.

"My eldest brother, the late Albert Charles Halsey, was private secretary to Commissioner G. Mitchell and a staff bandsman. Edgar Halsey is also an old staff bandsman and former officer. After the first world war he became secretary at Southsea Corps, then bandmaster at Portsmouth 1.



"Wilfred Halsey, my father, went to London and won a court case in the Army's favor against the "Skeleton Army" at Tunbridge Wells during this period. Like his brothers, Albert and Edgar, Wilfred began as an office boy at International Headquarters and, later, went to Hadleigh Farm Colony and worked in the home office there. He became the Colony's bandmaster. (Incidentally, Albert was also bandmaster and songster leader at Balham Congress Hall.) Wilfred wrote poetry for the Army's musical publications, including The Musical Salvationist ("A word about our Band," "Come Home Today," and "Where Jesus is" all words, air and music.)

"Brigadier G. Halsey, of Inter-

national Headquarters, who was promoted to Glory last February, had about twenty pieces in 'Revival Songs,' including 'All For Him'.

"Mrs. Lt.-Colonel W. Wellman (Rosina Halsey) was organist for the Salvationist Publishing and Supplies Salvation Singers, also for the cadets' songster brigade. Brigadier H. Wellman (a former Canadian Officer now in Pakistan) is a brother-in-law. The parents were Major and Mrs. H. Wellman, old and well-known field officers."

The foregoing does not exhaust by any means the list of Army connections in this remarkable Salvation Army family, and the grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, (Continued foot of column 4)

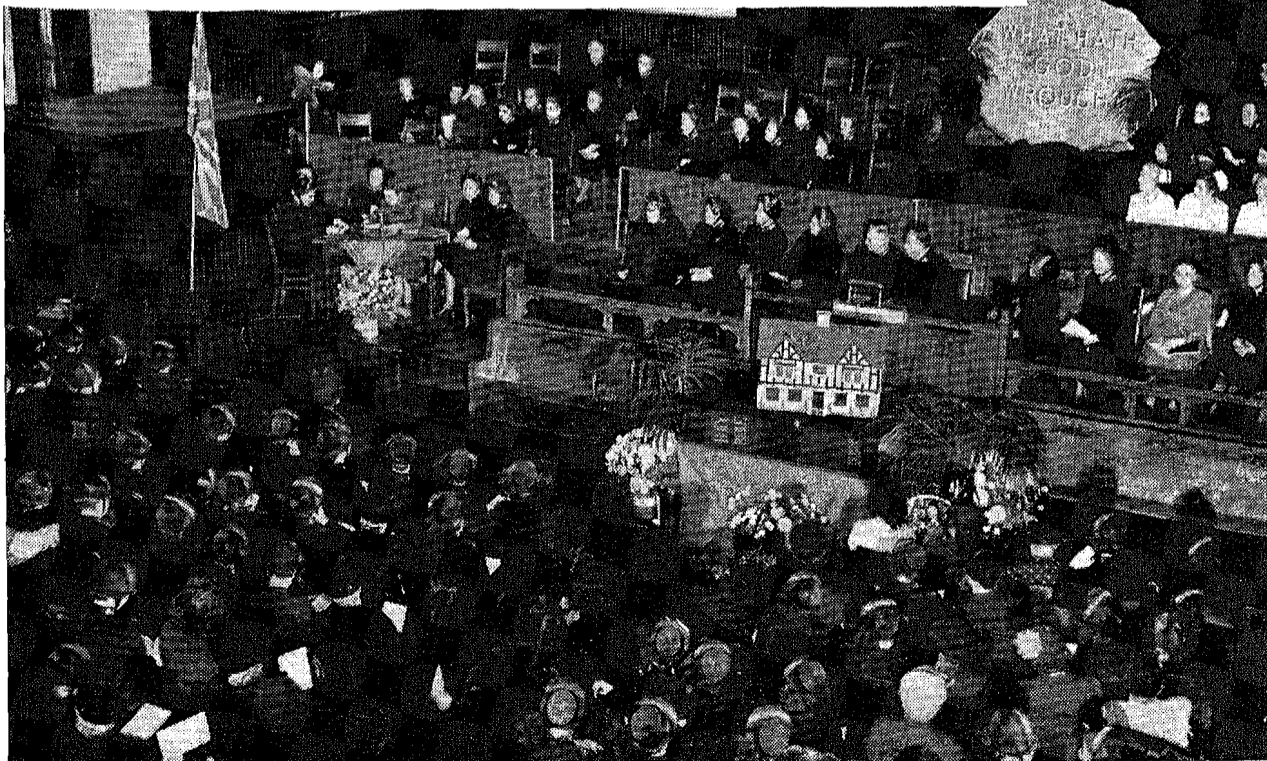
Advances In Burma

THE first trip to Pyu District, Burma, by a missionary officer since the war, was recently undertaken, though for some time now Captain T. Maung and his wife have been working there. What would we find? writes Brigadier L. Fletcher. It was evident that the Captain had not been inactive during his stay there, and was in touch with a number of people. It was certainly "camp life" for the Envoy and myself, but neither the hard beds nor the drips coming in through the shed roof deterred us from sleeping; the lullabies of the croaking frogs probably had a soothing effect.

At Pyu we were able to meet a number of people interested in our work and, on the Sunday morning, we had a meeting in the home of U Ba Thong Thin, the sub-divisional judge, as our own property is occupied by a government department (though we hope this will be returned to us ere long). At this meeting there was a fine crowd of people present and I was able to dedicate four babies, and receive five junior soldiers and three senior soldiers, the first for many years.—The War Cry, India.

ABOVE: AN EXCELLENT VIEW of Massey Hall, taken from the top gallery, showing platform and part of the great audience that heard the Toronto Congress musical festival. Colonel B. Coles was leading the massed bands in his new march, "Defender of the Faith" at the time the picture was taken. The Danforth and Dovercourt songster brigades are seen, as well as the bands of West Toronto, Earls Court and Kitchener, Ont.

BELOW: AN INTERESTING FEATURE of the women's rally held during the Toronto Congress was a "radio interview," when Jane Weston, well-known radio personality, put questions to the "five women of the year" (see report of women's meeting in previous issue). The group may be seen at the left of the platform.



(Continued from column 3)

numerous indeed are, most of them, carrying on the family tradition, as in Canada (1st-Lieut. Bruce Halsey and 2nd-Lieut. Cherie Halsey).

Major Violet Halsey herself began as a stenographer in the foreign office at International Headquarters, and twenty years of her service has been spent on education work. She wrote the words of the song "Companion Mine," published in the Musical Salvationist, and elsewhere. The Major's mother, like her father, was a Christian Missioner. Her father was the Army's first cadet, a fact that is mentioned in "History of The Salvation Army" by Colonel R. Sandall. He sold copies of the first War Cry, and after he was commissioned as an officer. Among the soldiers of the corps he commanded were such greathearted as Commissioners Carleton (who was the forerunner of the Self-Denial Effort), McAlonan and Commissioner and Mrs. T. Kitching (parents of the present British Commissioner).

REPORTS from Mid-Ontario Division are "super" these days, indicating much progress, interest, and new ventures. At Ajax, a new outpost, the divisional secretary enrolled twelve members, and 2nd-Lieut. B. Craddock launched a contest binding the twelve to bring twelve others.

New things have a special attraction and many older leagues which have become static could be revived by branching out into new fields. We hear that Station St. in Belleville has been opened as an outpost league, and many of the Belleville stalwarts are going to see it is well launched. During the past month the divisional secretary has covered a lot of ground and visited many leagues. In the "High Lights" it is noted that an evening group has been started at Belleville by Mrs. Sr.-Captain F. Brightwell, and new members have been welcomed.

Oshawa continues to have good attendances and lots of activity. A visit was paid by some of the members from Bowmanville, when Mrs. 2nd-Lieut. J. Ham conducted the meeting. "Good turns" include visiting in hospital a woman who was taken off the train ill, a stranger, who later showed her appreciation by attending the Sunday meetings. Secretary Mrs. Saunders, during the summer, gave treats to a number of elderly folk by driving them down to the lake to enjoy the cool breezes and giving them tea.

The Kingston Home League "Windows" (there seems to be a separate one for the Barriefield Outpost) have a good display of inviting subjects and news. These attractive leaflets show good planning. Facts and points on growing African violets are featured one week and there is a contest afoot for those who started plants that day to see who has the healthiest plant by next May. The Barriefield League is booked to repeat a sketch given during the holiday season. A thanksgiving program, Christmas decoration demonstration, and a party are on the list for one month. Barriefield commenced the fall season with a "corn boil" and the program of meetings is interesting in view of the fact they must be held in the homes of the members, no building as yet being available.

The theme of the Mid-Ontario Fall Institute was "Planning and preserving for the Future," and Mrs. Brigadier R. Gage had written in the attractive program: "Just as the good homemaker will preserve, from the abundance of good things at this harvest time, such foods as will help to provide her household with a balanced and palatable menu for the remainder of the year, so we believe, the good home league leader will plan ahead and preserve suitable material for the future to give a balanced and attractive program to the members. We aim to try to stock the home league 'shelves' with many suggestions and ideas that will last to the time of the institute next year. We have therefore planned many helpful hints to be used in each of the four seasons and also for special occasions."

Have You Remembered The Salvation Army In Your Will?

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests.

Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:

Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel,
Territorial Commander
538 Jarvis St., Toronto 5,
Ontario, Canada.

HOME LEAGUE NOTES

By
THE TERRITORIAL HOME LEAGUE SECRETARY
LIEUT.-COLONEL ANNIE FAIRHURST

This objective was certainly achieved in a most unique and satisfactory way, and we were impressed by the interest and enthusiasm of all who attended, and the keen attention given to each speaker. Another good point was the fact that nearly all of those who read papers had plenty of demonstration material to press home the point.

A full report appeared in last week's issue of The War Cry but we thought you might like to have the fascinating titles of the papers

which were given. They were, "Fall Fancies," "Christmas Capers," "Winter Relish," "Spring Tonic," and "Summer Surprises." An attractive jar was placed on the flannelboard "shelf" as each subject was introduced.

While the writer had the great misfortune to miss the Toronto congress meetings, it has been stimulating to hear such outstanding reports of all the events, especially the women's rally. It was with much satisfaction that the cheque for

\$5,000. was handed over to the missionary, being the memorial Gospel Vision in the territory from, even though yet completed the grateful to one and operation given. We ting memorial to our Mrs. Commissioner deed prove an ins spreading of the Go

Cheques for the wards the cost of the received from Mrs. Merrett, of Alberta, adier A. Dixon, of We have word from Junker that corps i Division are send amounts, and Mrs. Wiseman assures many leagues in have responded ther more to be heard f knowledge returns ern Ontario and To we have been delig further contributions Northern Ontario is a splendid achieve ronto heads the list over \$800. Congratu

We believe there, and this, as mentic will go towards som and permanent me Dalziel to be place the new home for, recently opened in

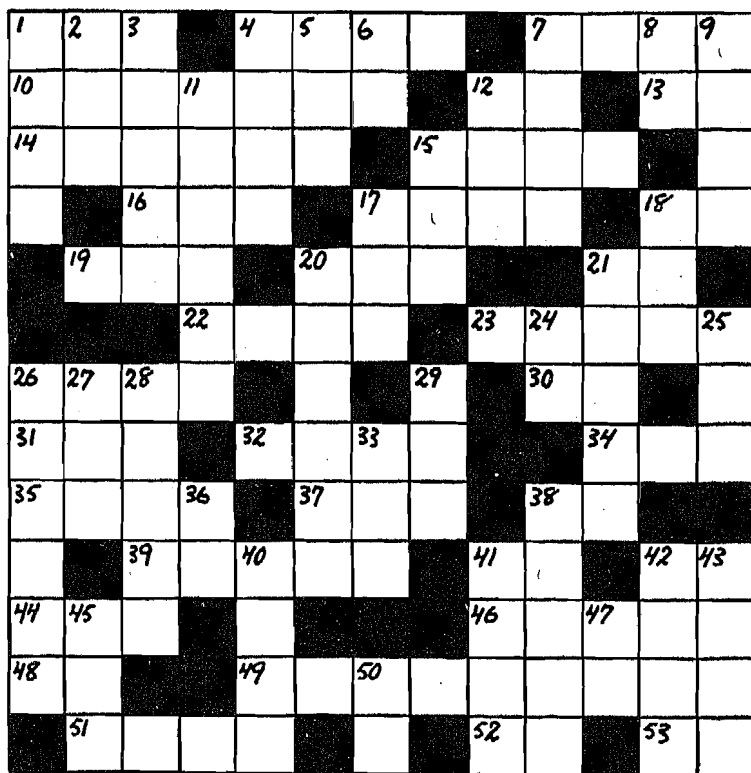
Many leagues in United States have blessed by visits and Lt.-Colonel M. Macf of course, closely Mrs. Dalziel in Au torial home league the Outer Circle w had a good deal to ception and organiz this she has been range the Outer Ci the past year and are to lose her. She the Old Land, and will carry our go prayers for her f and progress. We k be idle, but will be Master's service wh has been good to m Thank you for all and may God richly

Mrs. Brigadier A helpful activity am of Saskatchewan. ographic help has l sional home league she hopes it will so ing. She has been v ern part of the div

Christmas is not we have just receiv names from the Ol who would apprec you are interested your divisional hor tary or to the league secretary, 5 Toronto 5, Ont.

Another remind the territorial secre a supply of transfe the "Home on the fifty cents for one large transfer.

Bible Crossword Puzzle



No. 30

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Lava (Hawaiian) pl.
- 4 "ye believe in God, believe . . . in me," John 14:1
- 7 "For in those . . . shall be affliction" Mark 13:19
- 10 " . . . are ye that weep now; for ye shall laugh" Luke 6:21
- 12 Compass point
- 13 Combining form indicating relation to an early period of time
- 14 Illustration
- 15 " . . . hearts failing them for fear" Luke 21:26
- 16 "Why . . . ye troubled" Luke 24:38
- 17 "Then shall . . . begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us" Luke 23:30
- 18 Flemish
- 19 "and upon . . . earth distress of nations" Luke 21:25
- 20 "and . . . every good piece of land with stones" II Kings 3:19
- 21 Calcium
- 22 "Come unto me, all ye . . . labour" Matt. 11:28
- 23 "for ye shall . . . and weep" Luke 6:25
- 26 "take . . . this cup from me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt" Mark 14:36
- 30 French
- 31 "weep not . . . me, but weep . . . yourselves, and . . . your children" Luke 23:28
- 32 "And . . . shall fall by the edge of the sword" Luke 21:24
- 34 "Lord, when . . . we thee an hungred, or athirst" Matt. 25:44
- 35 Small Portuguese unit

of money

- 37 Alderman
- 38 "And . . . that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me" Matt. 10:38
- 39 "but your sorrow . . . be turned into joy" John 16:20
- 41 "and ye shall . . . sorrowful" John 16:20
- 42 "When saw . . . thee a stranger, and took thee in" Matt. 25:38
- 44 "He casteth forth his . . . like morsels" Ps. 147:17
- 46 "and are heavy . . ." Matt. 11:28
- 48 Dutch
- 49 "but now he is . . . and thou art tormented" Luke 16:25
- 51 "If it be possible, let this cup . . . from me" Matt. 26:39
- 52 Weight
- 53 Postscript

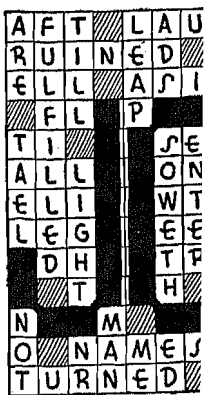
VERTICAL

- 1 First month of Hebrew sacred year
- 2 " . . . these are the beginning of sorrows" Matt. 24:8
- 3 Hebrew word appearing after a number of verses in the Psalms
- 4 Small African fox (zoology)
- 5 " . . . not your heart be troubled" John 14:1
- 6 Northern State
- 7 "let him . . . himself, and take up his cross" Mark 8:34
- 8 "tarry . . . here, and watch with me" Matt. 26:38
- 9 My . . . is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death" Matt. 26:38

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- 11 "He that is . . . for a stranger shall smart for it" Prov. 11:15
- 12 "Ye shall not . . . me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" Matt. 23:39
- 15 Member of the House of Representatives
- 17 Take lace
- 18 "Thou art not . . . from the kingdom of God" Mark 12:34
- 20 "Levitical city in Asher" I Chron. 6:74
- 21 "bless them that . . . you" Matt. 5:44
- 24 "and none . . . you asketh me, Whither goest thou" John 16:5
- 25 "And ye . . . therefore have sorrow" John 16:22
- 26 "neither let it be . . ." John 14:27
- 27 " . . . unto you that are full" Luke 6:25
- 28 "and why do thoughts . . . in your hearts" Luke 24:38
- 29 Hydrostatics
- 33 Measure of length
- 36 Be quiet
- 38 "sorrow hath filled your . . ." John 16:6
- 40 Parts of a circle
- 41 "when ye see the south wind . . ." Luke 12:55
- 42 "ye shall . . . and lament" John 16:20
- 43 "that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the . . . of the earth" Acts 13:47
- 45 "the . . . which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it" John 18:11
- 47 Doctor of Divinity (L. Doctor Theologiae)
- 50 "not . . . will, but thine, be done" Luke 22:42

Answer to last



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A Look In The Mirror

BY
IRMA DOVEY

"A W, Miss Peters makes me tired. She's always calling to me to stand up straight. Now you start it, Mom. I get worn out hearing that stuff." John stamped to the door.

"I'm sorry, John. I know how you feel, really," Mother answered.

John locked his hands over the door-knob and swung on it. "Well, I stand the best I can. Honest."

"Maybe you do," Mother admitted. "You're growing so tall, I used to be tall for my age when I was a child. People were always saying, 'I guess we'll have to put a brick on your head!' It just burned me up."

John slumped into a chair, willing to listen.

"If we were to leave you alone, you'd stand better, I expect," she said. "Your posture depends a good deal on the way you think and feel. It's in your mind mostly. When you're full of pep and sure of yourself your shoulders straighten and you walk like a young rooster. I know I strut a little sometimes. A new hat does it for me."

"Hat! Not for me! Well, so long," John plunged out of the door, picking up his baseball on the way.

No more was said until the next

ers' and he had had to wear his old sweater. He had missed more examples than anyone else in the arithmetic class, something that didn't often happen to him. And what was that about the game? Oh, yes, he said that one of his best pals had called out, "Aw, you dummy!" when he made an out in baseball. It was no wonder that he had slumped. "Why do we go after the posture problem as an altogether physical matter?" she wondered.

A boy's mental attitude often has more to do with the way he carries himself than have physical facts, or even the deliberate exercise of will power; we seldom command muscles and tendons to do their proper job. It is rather a general sense of well-being, of exuberant health, of confidence that makes us stand well.

Good Spirits Help Posture

A little self-study will lead to the conclusion that adults and children are much alike regarding posture. When we have new clothes, or get a letter with good news, we carry ourselves better. When we awaken refreshed and go to work on jobs we like, or when we have received praise, we preen ourselves and hold our heads high.

On the other hand, when the mirror reveals drooping shoulders and slumping bodies, very often it is because we have been censured, are very tired, or have had unpleasant news. At least, we feel unsure of



A Page of Interest

to

Home-makers

A MEDITATION

BY ANGEL LANE

ON the table before us as we write, lies an old somewhat bedraggled book. So far as appearance goes, it is "nothing to write home about." But memory brings back to us long-gone days and nights, when we leafed through that book, sometimes alone, oftentimes in the company of the well beloved friend to whom we had given it.

Each of us had a great liking for words—simple, everyday words and phrases; but, whilst our friend was older in years, and wise and witty and wonderful, we were young, adventurous, and utterly weary of the perpetual and apparently futile efforts to keep clean the upstairs part of the city hotel in which we were employed. Day after day, week after week, the year round, we kept at the task.

With a staff of expert painters and paper-hangers, carpenters, porters, and a French polisher, who could put a mirror finish on the walnut and mahogany furniture, we did the starting and finishing jobs—the latter in the company of the lovely and beloved woman who for long work-filled years, was the housekeeper. We started on the top floor, and worked down to the first floor; then, we started all over again, and so ad infinitum.

We became "fed up" and got a job in a summer hotel close by the lake in beautiful Muskoka. With our very first tip, we bought this book, which contained all the then known words in the English language—Webster's self-pronouncing dictionary—and gave it to our friend. When, a few years later, God very suddenly called her home, we got the book back.

Glancing at its pages now, we note definitions of "soft," and "softness." We recall—on a day when our hearing was good—the whisper-soft voice of a talented singer, who stood with the open-air crowd, and sang tender entreaties to the unsaved.

We think of the suggested softness of that exquisite song, "Whisper a prayer," of the back of a baby's neck; the down on a day-old chick; the fur of a new-born kitten; the breast and under-the-wing feathers

of the fat old Plymouth Rock hens, down on the farm. We recall, also, the words of another Book: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," and it seems to us that the softness and tenderness of God's great heart of eternal, unchangeable love, is the sweetest definition of all!

Household Helps

By
Helen Hale



START making your presents at home so that you'll have enough for holiday giving. Here are things from the kitchen and the sewing room which will receive a warm and hearty welcome!

Make a half apron in a pretty style with enough material for a wide hem, two or three inches. Fold this over to the right side. Tack at the sides, and then sew down six or eight times to form pockets. Fill the pockets with napkins the hostess can pass out while entertaining.

Buy or make some small hand towels out of terry cloth or Turkish toweling. Personalize them with the last name of the receiver, and machine or hand-stitch the name in script, in a contrasting color.

Giving presents for several children? Make some Christmas stock-

Recipe of the Week

Cream Caramels
(Makes 60)

2 cups sugar
¾ cup light corn syrup
½ cup butter or substitute
2 cups cream

Bring slowly to a boil, stirring constantly the sugar, corn syrup, butter and 1 cup of cream. Stir in gradually the remaining cup of cream. Cook until the hard ball stage (245 degrees F.). Pour into a buttered 7-inch square pan, the bottom of which has been covered with ½ cup of broken nutmeats, if desired. When cold, cut into squares.

A READER WRITES

Dear Home Page:

You have so many interesting articles on this page but I could not help singling out your story, "Watch those fences". (September 20 issue). My eldest son was fond of dolls when a baby. We let him have all he wished. His two sisters helped him learn how to dress them and take care of them. This boy is thirty years of age now. He won the D.F.C. in the last war. He is married and has four children. He is a great help in the home, and the children think there is no daddy like theirs. A boy who is fond of dolls and his sisters generally grows up to be a good, kind and thoughtful man.—S. H.

Chocolate is quickly and easily melted by placing in waxed paper set in a strainer placed over a bowl of hot water. Remove chocolate from paper with a rubber spatula or scraper.

ings out of red felt. Cut letters to form the child's name from white felt and stitch on the stocking. Decorate with small Christmas balls and sequins.

Do you like to paint? Make or buy plastic bibs for youngsters or buy small toothbrushes with matching plastic cups and paint their names on these.

Peanut brittle and hard candies such as taffy and caramel may be made in advance. Properly wrapped in tins and placed between waxed paper or aluminum foil, they will keep without getting sticky.



SIX YEARS AGO India had a death-toll of 1,000,425 from malaria. Control projects have since been launched with amazing results. Technical assistance to fight disease is being given by the World Health Organization and the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. Here a Brahmin health visitor makes a control test in a native village.

morning at breakfast. "You look well in that blue shirt, Son," Mother commented.

John swaggered a little as he started out. There was nothing wrong with his posture today.

His mother thought it over as she lingered over a second cup of coffee. That was when she did her best thinking and planning, she told herself—after John and his father were finally off to school and work.

She knew that John felt very definitely downcast yesterday. His good jacket had been at the clean-

ourselves in some way. Just let a friend say, "Straighten up!" and we resent it. The world is using us badly, we think, and why should we try to act self-assured?

Shall we go on clinging to this old absurdity—that posture is altogether physical—or shall we consider the effect of mental attitudes? Let us think less of the physical basis of posture. We may train the child in the feel of the muscles when he stands right, yes; but let us realize that posture begins with our thinking.

Official Gazette

PROMOTIONS—

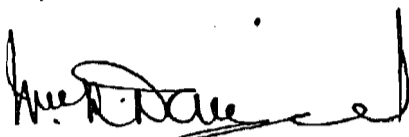
To be First Lieutenant: Second Lieutenant Olive Feltham
To be Second Lieutenant: Probationary Lieutenant Jean Crockatt

APPOINTMENTS—

Senior Major Rose Schmidt, Grace Hospital, Windsor
Senior Captain Anna Williams, "Lilydale" Retired Officers' Residence, Ottawa
Captain Annette Vardy, Girls' Home, Ottawa
First Lieutenant Mary Zayonce, Grace Hospital, Toronto
Second Lieutenant Viola Ivany, Newfoundland Training College (Brigade Officer)

RETIREMENT—

Colonel James Merritt (W), out from Petersfield, England, in 1906. Last appointment Property Secretary. On April 30, 1952.



Commissioner.

Coming Events

Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel

Toronto: Sat-Sun Nov 15-16 (Divisional Bandsmen's Councils)
Bermuda: Sat-Tues Nov 22-25 (Congress)

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

AND MRS. COLONEL R. HAREWOOD
Toronto: Sat-Sun Nov 15-16 (Divisional Bandsmen's Councils)
Parliament Street: Sun Nov 23
Smith's Falls: Sat-Sun Dec 6-7
(*Mrs. Harewood will not accompany)

The Field Secretary

COLONEL G. BEST

Guelph: Sat-Sun Nov 22-23

Lt.-Colonel J. Acton (R): Barrie: Nov 11-16; Gravenhurst: Nov 18-23

Lt.-Colonel E. Green: Oshawa: Sun Dec 7
Lt.-Colonel T. Mundy: Oshawa: Sun Dec 14

Lt.-Colonel C. Wiseman: Grand Falls: Sun Nov 16 (Youth Councils) Botwood: Mon Nov 17; Peter's Arm: Tues Nov 18; Bishop's Falls: Wed Nov 19; Windsor: Thurs Nov 20; Buchans: Fri-Mon Nov 21-24; St. John's Temple: Fri, Sun Nov 23, 30
Brigadier C. Knaap: Saint John Citadel: Fri-Sun Nov 14-16, Thurs Nov 20; Newcastle: Fri-Sun Nov 21-23; Saint John Citadel: Thurs Nov 27; St. Stephen: Sat-Sun Nov 29-30; Amherst: Sat-Sun Dec 6-7

Travelling?

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Street, Toronto, Ont., phone PR
2563; 1620 Notre Dame W., Mon-
treal, Que., phone Fitzroy 7425; or
301 Hastings St. E., Vancouver,
B.C., phone Hastings 5328 L.

Territorial Team of Evangelists

Lindsay: Nov 7-17
Kingston: Nov 21-Dec 1

SPIRITUAL SPECIALS

Brigadier W. Cornick
Lower Island Cove: Nov 21-26
New Chelsea: Nov 27-30
Hant's Harbour: Dec 2-7
Winterton: Dec 9-14
Green's Harbor: Dec 16-21

Major James Martin

Victoria: Nov 7-17
Esquimalt: Nov 21-Dec 1
Mount Pleasant: Dec 5-15

Envoy W. Clark

Shaunavon: Nov 7-16
Swift Current: Nov 19-28

Vida Lodge, 518 Jarvis Street,
Toronto, will hold a sale of work
on Friday, November 14, 2.30-10
p.m. Salvationists and friends are
urged to support this worth-while
enterprise.

RALLENTANDO

Noted Composer Slows the Tempo of Career

THE composer of that world-wide favorite of Army bands—"The Canadian" march is yet another youthful veteran who has surprised his comrades by the realization that he has reached the official age of retirement. Thus ends a colorful career, Colonel James Merritt's splendid work as a corps officer in the largest Western commands, as a divisional commander, provincial secretary and departmental head at Territorial Headquarters being accompanied by feats of composing that would have proved a full-time job for an ordinary man.

It all began in a busy south England town—Petersfield—to which place early in the century, a Methodist farmer and wife and family moved, and decided to throw in their lot with the Army. James, the eldest of a family of five boys and four girls one Easter Sunday night felt the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and knelt at the Mercy-Seat, a step that proved the gateway to a life of Christian service and musical adventure in a broad field.

While performing his duties as a corps cadet, bandsman and songster in the corps, he studied harmony under Professor Seymour Powell, thus laying the foundation of a sound knowledge of music that has been put to good use in the Lord's cause.

At the Training College Cadet Merritt soon grew to know and love a certain Sergeant Albert Orsborn (the present General) and the Cadet Bandmaster—Captain William Dalziel (the present Canadian Territorial Commander). The Colonel is never tired of telling how, when

he was scrubbing the floor, he saw a pair of legs, looked up and saw a tall youth who told him he had a euphonium awaiting him in the cadets' band. The Bandmaster had heard of his exploits on the instrument, and took the first opportunity of securing the services of this promising recruit.

During his first few years' service in the British Territory, Captain Merritt distinguished himself especially for his efforts with bands and songster brigades, and was Provincial Bandmaster on three of the Founder's tours of England.

During this period his parents and the other members of the family had migrated to Canada, settling at Winnipeg, Man., and thither, on his marriage to Captain Gertrude Hayden (who was promoted to Glory two years ago following a lifetime of faithful partnership with her husband in all his appointments) went James Merritt, with his bride.



COLONEL
JAMES
MERRITT

SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS OF OFFICERSHIP ENDED

Mrs. Brigadier R. Little (R) Taken Home



Mrs. Brigadier R. Little (R)

"THERE are few who in a truer sense could say 'I dedicate myself to Thee,' said the Chief Secretary, Colonel R. Harewood, in his tribute to Mrs. Brigadier Robert Little (R) in the funeral service which he led at Davisville auditorium, Toronto, on Friday, October 24. "At the age of fourteen," he continued, "she became a Cadet-helper, and a year later, in 1885, was given a rank as Lieutenant, which made possible sixty years of active service as an officer."

Sadness was tempered with reverent joy as the bright, triumphant life of the promoted warrior was recalled; one who was small in stature but a greatheart spiritually. Colonel G. Attwell (R), representing the retired officers, thanked God for this soldier of Christ who had seen hundreds of souls brought to the Cross. Words of comfort were read from the scriptures by the Field Secretary, Colonel G. Best, and the Christian's hope was stimulated by

the duet of Captains M. Green and E. Bond, "Saved by grace."

From an acquaintanceship of forty years, Lt.-Colonel H. Aldridge (R) paid fervent tribute; from when the promoted warrior was Adjutant Hattie Scott. A perennial freshness had pervaded her life, said the Colonel, and she had never lost her first love. Her life had been a constant inspiration.

Mrs. Lt.-Colonel A. Keith spoke of childhood memories of the "sweet little Captain" who visited her home in London, Ont., and of listening spellbound to the tales of Mrs. Little's pioneering days as an officer. Uppermost in her life was the joy of service; nothing was counted a sacrifice for Christ. Her love for the people, too, was characteristic. As a missionary officer, when visiting a hospital for incurables, she would fill her pockets with pennies to give to the sufferers for little treats. Memories of children crowding about her door, seeking "cookies," were recalled by the speaker.

A message from the Commissioner was conveyed by the Chief Secretary which spoke of assurance of prayer and sympathy.

While autumn leaves swirled about the company who stood in the Army's plot at Mount Pleasant cemetery, the song, "Above the waves of earthly strife," was sung, following which Sr.-Major W. Oakley prayed and Colonel R. Spooner brought confirmation of our hope of immortality in the scripture reading. The remains of this humble, courageous servant of Christ were committed to the ground by the Chief Secretary while Brigadier Little and the loved ones were earnestly committed to the care and comfort of the Heavenly Father.

Mrs. Little was the proud possessor of the Army's gold medal for fifty years' active service as an officer. The badge may be seen in the photograph pinned below the regular long service badge. — J.C.W.

Terri

The Territorial Y Secretary, Lt.-Colonel attended the recent conference in Winn a member of the De tive Committee. The ed the conference w also gave an address Army scouting.

The Divisional Co Mrs. Lt.-Colonel represented The Salv the opening service Toronto Anglican di being conducted by C of Birmingham Eng seum. Over 10,000 the Sunday service.

Glace Bay, N.S., celebrate its fifty-se sary November 22-24 manding Officer, f Slous, requests tha officers and soldiers greeting.

Retired Bandmast has passed on a per ceived from one of est manufacturers the following: "I hea derful recording of by Mr. Brockington sary of The Salvat most wonderful par was that it was all

The Territorial those days, Comm Coombs hearing of proached the young offer of a transfer cepted and arranged appointment was Po Command of the la monton, Alta., foll B.C., Calgary Citad ver were successive rising officers put in and spent as long a corps. At Vancou a most progressive pleted, no less than ing added to the Merritts' stay ther It was while the toria, B.C., that C first attempt at cor lished. He sent in nection with a cont International Music an instrumental q first prize. This w series of marches, s mental solos and so Colonel composed, posing, for Army 1 It was a sudden officer to divisional their long and succ four leading corps

United Holine

EVERY FRIDAY
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for it, and the Co with further succ: toba Division, then tish Columbia, the This was followe Provincial Secreta Up to this pair service had been in Western Cana (Continued

Successful Band Tour

The Winnipeg Citadel Band (Bandmaster F. Merrett) undertook an ambitious tour over the Thanksgiving weekend when, accompanied by the Commanding Officer, Sr.-Major J. Matthews, they travelled 350 miles to Yorkton, Sask. The Yorkton Corps Officers, 2nd-Lieut. W. Kerr and 2nd-Lieut. S. White-sell, had all arrangements smoothly made. On arrival the bandmen sat down to supper, prepared by the women's groups of St. Andrew's United Church. In the auditorium of the new collegiate, the Divisional Commander, Brigadier A. Dixon, chaired the opening festival of the weekend. Radio Station CJGX broadcast one hour of the program.

On Sunday morning the band marched to the hospital and for an hour delighted patients and staff with hymn tunes and martial airs. A short open-air meeting in the downtown business section followed. The St. Andrew's United Church proved totally inadequate to house the congregation for the morning meeting. The minister warmly greeted the band and turned the service over to Brigadier Dixon and

FOR THE SALVATIONIST MUSICIANS
WHO COMPRISE



Modern Music Palls

D R. Leslie Bell, leader of a nationally-famous girls' choir, writes in the Toronto Daily Star: One of the most unhappy things about 20th century culture in general and 20th century music in particular is that a great many of us are becoming desperately weary of it.

The courageous and often rash experiments of the modernists have brought new and vital forces into

anderings that characterize Stravinsky, Hindemith and Bartok.

Music is always a reflection of the age that produces it and to many of us the chaos and disorganization of what we hear today is a reflection of the restless unstable world in which we live. Mozart's music, then, becomes a symbol of another world to which we all would flee—a world where sanity and restraint are the order of the

Musical Weekend

North Bay, Ont., Corps (Sr.-Captain and Mrs. C. Bonar). A musical feast was experienced when the Danforth (Toronto) Band paid a weekend visit. On their arrival the band marched to the city hall where they were met by Mayor Arthur Beattie, and members of the council and the clergy. Rev. Dr. J. Semple, of Trinity United Church, extended a welcome on behalf of the churches, the Mayor spoke for the citizens, and Controller (Sergeant-Major) L. Saunders, of Danforth, who accompanied the band, expressed thanks for the welcome. Supper was provided at the hall by the home league. In attendance were Mayor Beattie, members of council, the clergy, and other leading citizens. At night a musical program was held in the collegiate auditorium, with Dr. Semple presiding.

Lodges Parade

On Sunday morning the band led a parade of several Orange lodges to the collegiate, where the holiness meeting was in charge of Sergeant-Major Saunders. In the afternoon a musical festival was held in the Capitol Theatre, with Mr. A. Freeman presiding. The salvation meeting was conducted by Sergeant-Major Saunders, and an after-church program was chaired by Mayor Beattie when a large crowd gathered. The music provided by the band will be long remembered by the citizens of North Bay and district.

(Continued from column 1)
weekend.

Winnipeg Citadel was well-nigh filled with a happy holiday crowd to greet the band on its homecoming. The Divisional Commander, Brigadier G. Hartas chaired the various items which showed soloists, vocalists and the ensemble at their best. In an interlude in the program six future prospects for the senior band received their commissions, jerseys and pouches from the hands of the Brigadier.



WHEN VISITING CHICAGO during the summer, Dovercourt, Toronto, Band (Bandmaster W. Habkirk) gave a festival at the Temple Corps there. The band is shown in action. The white shoulder cords are used on festival occasions.

Major Matthews. When approximately 140 members of the junior congregation left during the singing of the second song there were sufficient "standees" in vestibules and aisles to take their places. Besides delivering the address Major Matthews spoke to the Sunday School.

The bus headed eastward after dinner, with Dauphin, Man., as the goal. Captain and Mrs. C. Hustler, Bandmaster Fisher and the band were ready with a warm greeting at the citadel. Councillor and Mrs. Johannesson, Mr. C. Sealey, bandmaster of the town band, and Mr. McMurray voiced their pleasure when they joined the bandmen at tea in the young people's hall.

The first engagement was held in the First Baptist Church and here, again, a large throng awaited. The song, music and testimony were kept strictly to the theme of thanksgiving. It was learned that during the illness of the minister Bandmaster Fisher has been filling his pulpit. A crowd of approximately five hundred gathered in the Town Hall for an after-church festival. Mr. Sealey proved an excellent chairman and the crowd appreciated his knowledge of the band's music and of the various composers.

Morning devotions over Radio Station CKDM, for a half hour on Monday morning featured Major Matthews, the band, and the male voice party under Captain E. Falle's leadership. The latter group brought a great deal of blessing over the

(Continued in column 4)

music but they have also resulted in our losing much that we value dearly.

We have been fed such a constant diet of discord and dissonance that our ears are dulled and it is a relief to turn to the music of Mozart, where harmonies sound normal, and startling color effects are not made an end in themselves. Modern composers seem to have abandoned melody—at least the type of melody that one can whistle, hum or hear clearly in the mind. But in Mozart one finds melody in its purest, most beautiful form, free from all the jerky distortions and vague me-

day and where everything seems to fall into its proper place.

Dr. Bell intimates, in the article, that what he says of Mozart is largely true of many other famous composers of the last two centuries.

NEW RECORDS

THE International Staff Band recently made three new records, including "The Dovercourt Citadel" march, composed by Band Inspector P. Merritt, of Toronto. Other pieces recorded are "The Gospel Story" (two sides); "Love's Immortal Token" and two Christmas numbers by Erik Leidzen.

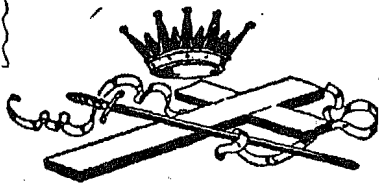
DARTMOUTH SONGSTER BRIGADE

(Leader True Ritchie). The leader is seen seated between the corps officers, 1st-Lieut. and Mrs. G. Clarke.



Earth's Warfare Over . . .

Heaven's Joys Begun



BROTHER H. J. DIX

Partington Ave., Windsor, Ont.

A valued warrior of the Cross, Brother Henry James Dix, was recently called to his Reward at the age of seventy-one years. Brother Dix came to Canada in 1905 and resided in Windsor for thirty-five years. He was a cornetist in the Chatham, Detroit and Windsor Citadel Bands.

Brother Dix was the first orderly of the hospital and often carried the patients before the elevator was built. Every shrub in the grounds of Grace Hospital and Faith Haven was planted by the departed comrade. He was a stalwart Salvationist whose kindness and genial smile were a testimony to the Lord he loved.

The funeral service was conducted by the Commanding Officer, Captain H. Burden, assisted by Brigadier A. Brett (R). The Brigadier paid a tribute to the life and influence of Brother Dix in the Windsor Grace Hospital.

His wife, formerly Elsie Jones, two brothers, Jack and George, and a sister, Mrs. Edith Camm mourn the loss of a husband and brother.

SISTER MRS. R. MEREDITH

Barton Street, Hamilton, Ont.

After a lengthy illness, Sister Mrs. Robert Meredith passed to her Reward at the age of seventy-eight years. Sister Mrs. Meredith was a company guard for thirty-nine years. She was a faithful soldier and regular in attendance while health permitted. The funeral was conducted by the Commanding Officer, Sr.-Major H. Ashby. Her husband and two sons mourn the loss of a devoted and affectionate mother.

WE MISS YOU

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend and, so far as is possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

Two dollars should, where possible, be sent with inquiry to help defray expenses.

Address all communications to the Men's Social Service Secretary, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

FITZGERALD, Philip: Born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1896; thought to have been in active forces during World War. Brother Leo asks. 10-522

FLETCHER, Mrs. Ethelreda Victoria Long: Born at Farnham, England, 60 years ago; has fair hair and blue eyes. In 1917 was in Canada. Daughter Ethel Maud seeks. 10-508

GULLEY, Evan Hugh (Harry): About 60 years of age; 5 ft. 8 ins. in height; clean shaven; scar resembling X on bridge of nose. Wife in England seeks. 10-514

JOHNSON or JONSON, Knute: Born in Norway 60 years ago; medium height; light blue eyes; blond hair; was trucker in Edmonton. Sister Anna asks. M3167

LAHTINEN, Robert: Born in Finland in 1880. In 1905 was in Canada. Cousin seeks concerning family estate. 10-498

LANE, George Ashton: Born in Manitoba, 1926; tall; of medium build; blue eyes; blond hair; trucker Mother very anxious. 10-491

LOWE, Mrs. George, nee Elizabeth Tait: Born in Coppercliff, Ont.; has blue eyes; grey hair; is about 60 years of age; 5 ft. 6 ins. in height; last in Timmins, Ont. Brother-in-law seeks. 10-493

MAYWEATHER, David, Annie Mae and Erwin: Dutch nationality; 40 years ago lived in Warton, Ont. Daughter and sister, Hester Mae, seeks. 10-481

(Continued foot of column 4)

SISTER MRS. A. TYLER

Halifax North

A veteran who proudly wore the long service badge and eight bars, Sister Mrs. Tyler, bed-ridden for some years, heard the "Well done, good and faithful servant" in her daughter's home, Toronto (where she had lived the last few years of her life). Mrs. Frank Gerow took

Sister Mrs. A. Tyler
Halifax North



the body of her mother to Halifax, N.S. where funeral and memorial services were conducted for one whose name has long been a benediction in the corps. The Commanding Officer, Sr.-Major W. Stanley, led both services and, in the first, a tribute was paid the promoted warrior by Mrs. Major J. Cranwell, a former soldier of Halifax North, who referred to Mrs. Tyler's excellent influence among the young people when she was a veritable "mother in Israel" in the corps. Mrs. Brigadier C. Warrander and Mrs. Major D. Ford also took part.

In the memorial service, tributes to the beneficent influence of Mrs. Tyler were read, some coming from officers of long years' service who, as young people, were helped spiritually by Sister Tyler. A son, Charles, and a daughter (Mrs. Gerow) mourn the loss of a loving mother.

CRADLE ROLL SERGEANT E. SKEARD

Channel, Nfld.

The promotion to Glory of Cradle Roll Sergeant Elizabeth Skeard came suddenly, and has removed a

SPIRITUAL SPECIALS

Visit Newfoundland "French Shore"

Brigadier and Mrs. W. Cornick, Spiritual Specials for Newfoundland, recently visited the corps on what is commonly known as "The French Shore" for ten days campaigning. At St. Anthony (Captain R. Howell and Pro.-Lieut. B. Richards) the forty-second anniversary was celebrated. In the holiness meeting eleven sought sanctification. Dr. A. Thomas, of the Grenfell Hospital, presided over the afternoon event. At night scores were unable to gain admission. Meetings were held every night and there were seventeen seekers.

St. Anthony Bight (2nd-Lieut. A. Anthony) was the next place visited. Although it was the busiest time of the season for these fisher-folk they turned out in large numbers for the meetings. Fifteen knelt at the Mercy-Seat. The campaigners boarded the S.S. Northern Ranger for Griket (2nd-Lieut. C. Morey), where the corps officer and Corps Sergeant-Major S. Bursey met them. The first night a backslider returned to the Fold. On Saturday night twelve young people sought salvation. On Sunday four more sought the Lord.

The spiritual specials and the

faithful and devoted soldier. Her last work was for the Master, for it was while attending an open-air meeting that she took ill and four hours later went to be with Jesus. As a nurse her influence in this place counted for a great deal. The large crowd that attended the funeral service testified to the high esteem in which she was held. This service was conducted by the Corps Officers, 2nd-Lieut. and Mrs. H. Jennings. The home league members sang in the service.

SISTER MRS. E. DICKS

Channel, Nfld.

The ranks of the Channel Corps have been broken again in the passing of Sister Mrs. Ethel Dicks, who has been a faithful soldier and home league member for many years. In the funeral service, which was led by the Corps Officers, 2nd-Lieut. and Mrs. H. Jennings, the home league members sang feelingly, "I have given up all for Jesus."

corps officer were the next centre, Quirpon, boat of Brother C. I three-mile walk they hall in this most north centres in Newfoundland the Straits of Bellefleur. Sergeant-Major Mrs. the help of the corps erected a new citadel ing 150 people. The first a young woman of mother had died, leaving for the younger cl seekers found forgiveness.

At Englee, where F. Batten are in seekers were recorded. Forty-three homes were visited, the campaign twenty-two knelt at Roddickton, the last visited, is ten miles from Englee. 1st-Lieut. is the corps officer at the day school. Many visited, crowds attending, and fourteen the Saviour. More meetings were held on the amongst the fine first 200 homes were visiting offered and Bible each one.

A Soldier's Song

(Continued from page 13)

too. Like showers, it came over me, it grew mighty in my heart.

The heavenly music and the notes had ceased to sound. I heard a man's voice, 'Thou, O God, plentiful rain, when confirm Thine inheritance, was weary,' and I used, saying, 'Laud, or be unto Thee O rain of mercy, brought out upon me. Again a song of thousands of voices, a sound of trumpets.

And now I hear heavenly sound, healing, had come sought me, misery dust. It was the Corps of The Salvation Army, the Swedish corps had gone to Christ's victory in of the Swedish corps.

What a picture! heavenly contrast soldier exhausted between the grinds armies, no way of escape from this. And there, sent for another army, the third army, the army of the living. It marched out of the ether and amidst of the two destruction. God army! For you bring and reinforcement most bitter hear pair! The show that hour revive raised it up to those days.

—From 'Der K

(Continued from page 13)

WHITLOCK, Ron in Regina; 25 years England very anxious.

RODDAM OR (Jack): Born in N 1888; 5 ft. 11 ins. in blue eyes; hair draughtsman and spectator; may be in anxious.

SETNES, Thorva 1905; came to Canada seaman. Sister seeks inheritance.

THOMPSON or Born in Toronto Force in 1941. Brother

Something Quite New!

A smartly-designed navy blue felt hat for women Salvationists
A hat that will suit every and any face!

Special Features:

- Brim not carried all way round
 - Snug fitting regardless of hair style
 - Off face brim
- Similar to the one used by the Wrens

First Reactions:

- "It is comfortable!"
- "So light and snug!"
- "I like it—it's smart!"

Embroidered Red Shield Crest for Officers and Soldiers
on Navy Blue Ribbon

Sizes: 21, 22, 22½ and 23

Only \$6.25 (Express Collect)

WHILE THEY LAST! all dated young people's supplies for 1952 now half price. Company Guard Manual, Star Cards, Young People's Guide.

The Trade Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, Ontario

BACKSLIDERS RETURN

St. Anthony Bight, Nfld. (2nd-Lieut. A. Anthony). On a recent Sunday there was deep conviction and three backsliders returned to the Fold.

GOSPEL TEAM

Gospel singing and soul-searching messages were heard at Barton Street Corps, Hamilton (Sr.-Major and Mrs. H. Ashby) on a recent Sunday, given by Brother D. Cairns, a Scottish preacher, and Brother G. Knudsen, a Danish Gospel singer, both from Toronto.

In the evening meeting commissions were presented for the positions of Sergeant-Major, Corps Treasurer and Corps Secretary to Brothers W. Little, L. Goddard and D. Hollingworth respectively. One seeker knelt at the Cross.

The company meeting attendance is increasing, with over one hundred present in recent weeks. The aim is two hundred.

OUTPOST BECOMES A CORPS

Newton, B.C., Corps (1st-Lieut. G. Holden). Following a week of revival meetings conducted by Major J. Martin and two nights of meetings led by Brother G. Prowse, when the hall was packed each night, Newton Outpost became a corps.

On Friday the annual supper was held with the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel L. Ursaki, the Divisional Young People's Secretary and Mrs. Sr.-Major W. Lorimer, and Major I. Halsey as guests. On the following night the first open-air meeting was conducted with twenty-two in the ring. Three new soldiers were enrolled on Sunday.

SAVED ON THE STREET

Ingersoll, Ont., Corps (Captain and Mrs. R. Ellsworth). Lt.-Colonel J. Habkirk (R), conducted Sunday meetings which were well attended. In the holiness meeting the Colonel's message was most inspiring. In the evening he gave a lecture on prison work.

On Wednesday evening Brigadier C. Peach (R), Major M. Layton (R) and Major M. Stickland conducted the soldiers' meeting. Major Layton's message was interesting and helpful. On the following Sunday morning Sr.-Major Mrs. S. Rideout, from the Sunset Lodge, Toronto, gave the message.

God is blessing the open-air efforts. On a recent Saturday a man stood near the ring and listened. He was convicted of his sin and decided then to follow Christ. He has stood on the corner since and helped to sing the Gospel songs.

RESULTS IN BERMUDA

An eight-day campaign has just been completed at Southampton Corps, Bermuda (Captain Z. Lavender, 2nd-Lieut. R. Sherman). Speakers included Captain L. Hanson, Warwick Girls' Home, who conducted meetings on Sunday, and Captain and Mrs. E. Deering, of St. George's who led on Monday night. The Gospel Team of the Youth for Christ in Bermuda conducted a meeting and much conviction was evident, resulting in one consecration and several hands raised for prayer. After the meeting the leader spoke to some of those who had raised their hands and six confessed acceptance of Christ.

The Divisional Commander and Mrs. Brigadier O. Welbourn conducted the monthly united meeting when one person requested prayer. Other speakers during the campaign were Captain E. Tuck, of Hamilton, and Envoy A. Symonds, of Somerset. Souls have been blessed by the week of meetings, and greater things are hoped for.

GIFTS FOR HOSPITAL

Increased attendances and an all-time high in the Harvest Festival altar service giving were recorded at Weyburn, Sask., Corps (Captain and Mrs. R. Hicks) when Sr.-Captain F. Moss, of the Public Relations Department, Regina, conducted the weekend meetings. An interesting feature of the day was the presentation of baskets of fruit by the children for distribution in the general hospital. Captain B. Watson, of Divisional Headquarters, also conducted a recent weekend.

NEWCOMERS WELCOMED

Grandview, Vancouver, B.C. (Sr.-Captain and Mrs. C. Gillingham). The Divisional Young People's Secretary and Mrs. Sr.-Major W. Lorimer conducted the Harvest Festival services recently. A young man sought salvation during the evening meeting. Over 150 children and young people's workers participated in a recent march of witness, when many newcomers were welcomed to the company meetings.

NEW FAMILIES

Drumheller, Alta., Corps (Captain F. Halliwell, 2nd-Lieut. G. Allan). The Harvest Festival altar service gifts exceeded that of the previous year. Rally Day gatherings were well attended and an illustrated talk was given by the commanding officer. Certificates were presented to the corps cadets and reference made to the work of Corps Cadet Guardian J. Dobson. On Bible Sunday Rev. Mr. Wood, of the British and Foreign Bible Society gave a helpful talk.

Attendances continue to rise as new families enter the corps. Brother and Sister D. Hunter were welcomed recently.

"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS"

New Liskeard, Ont., Corps (1st-Lieut. and Mrs. I. Fife). The last quarter of "Operation 70" was ushered in with the first visit of the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Sr.-Major F. Moulton. The meeting brought much blessing and the dedication of Anne Elizabeth, daughter of the corps officers, proved of special interest. Mrs. Moulton held a profitable meeting with the home league and enrolled three new members.

A campaign called "In the Highways and the Byways" was launched. Volunteers conducted open-air meetings at designated places at noon, and in the afternoon. The concluding open-air effort at midnight challenged those returning home from places of entertainment. In door-to-door visitation the non-church areas of the town were covered, with invitations announcing meetings, Bible tracts and the offering of prayer.

Battle Tactics Used

Rally Day at Halifax North End Corps (Sr.-Major and Mrs. W. Stanley) was conducted by the young people led by Young People's Sergeant-Major G. Hutchcroft. Second-Lieut. M. Smith gave an inspiring message in the morning. A rousing march preceded the afternoon meeting when the members of the company meeting, assisted by the band, "stormed" the area around the hall. The corps cadets gave assistance. Features of the afternoon were a solo by Dorothy Redmond, a selection by the singing company, a reading by Vivian Budgen and a challenging message by the young people's sergeant-major. The company guards assisted in the evening. Mrs. Stanley gave the message and much conviction was evidenced.

On the weekend that Candidate

Our Camera Corner



(Top) DEDICATION OF TWIN DAUGHTERS of Brother and Sister G. Peckham at New Waterford, N.S. (Left to right) Young People's Sergeant-Major T. Steele, Candidate (now Cadet) J. Vaughan, 1st-Lieut. R. Kirby (former commanding officer), and the parents.

(Centre) Galt, Ont., section leaders and census board. (Left to right) front row: Bandmaster H. French, Young People's Bandleader D. Laight, Major and Mrs. J. Batten, Assistant Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. A. Haskell, Songster Leader H. Stevens. Back row: Assistant Brownie Leader E. Geiger, Home League Secretary Mrs. R. Lantz, Singing Company Leader G. Haskell, Cradle Roll Sergeant Mrs. G. Delves, Sergeant-Major C. Geiger, Treasurer J. Geiger, Assistant Bandleader A. Haskell, Corps Cadet Guardian L. Miles, Secretary J. Lavender, Assistant Young People's Legion Secretary Mrs. H. French, Guide Leader Mrs. D. Laight.

(Lower) Whitney Pier, N.S., (Captain and Mrs. L. Jannison) Home League outing.

Reopening of Renovated Citadel

Gladstone Ave. Corps, Ottawa (Sr.-Captain and Mrs. B. Bernat). After a brief outdoor service conducted by the Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel M. Junker, the newly-decorated and renovated hall was declared re-opened. Brig.-General C. H. Maclaren, chairman of the Ottawa Advisory Board, snipped the white ribbon at the door, and Mayor Charlotte Whitton paid tribute to the work of the Army through the years.

Indoors, Lt.-Colonel Junker conducted a service of dedication, when words of gratitude for the Army's services were spoken by Controller D. McCann, Rev. Dr. H. M. Rae,

minister of First United Church and Rev. J. Logan-Veneta, representing the Ministerial Association.

Mr. J. B. Speers, of Ottawa South Kiwanis Club, presented a \$100 cheque to the Captain, as the club's contribution to the expenditures of renovation. Mrs. Bernat soloed, Bandsman J. Alexander gave a euphonium solo, Sr.-Major J. Bond read the scripture portion, and the divisional commander offered the prayer of dedication.

Sunday meetings were conducted by the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel M. Junker, assisted by Sr.-Captain D. Wagner and 2nd-Lieut. C. Carter, who also contributed vocal duets. The singing company took part in the holiness meeting and, during the afternoon, the visiting officers met with the young people in the company meeting. A short Rally Day program followed, given by the children and other comrades.

On Monday afternoon, the divisional commander met the officers of the division in council, following which a Thanksgiving dinner was provided by the home league (Secretary Mrs. A. Houghton), assisted by the corps cadets, the new kitchen being used for the first time.

For the evening rally, the hall was filled to capacity. Direct Gospel messages were given by Mrs. Major C. Sim, of Montreal Citadel, Captain Z. Richards, of Notre Dame West, Montreal, Captain C. Boorman, of Sherbrooke, and Sr.-Captain V. Marsland, of Point St. Charles, Montreal.



THE "HERALDS" SESSION of cadets with the Training College Principal and Mrs. Colonel R. Spooner, and the training officers. The session was welcomed during the opening meeting of the congress series, led by the territorial commander in Massey Hall, Toronto.

KEY TO PHOTO

(Left to right) Front Row: Second Lieut. E. Brown, Sr.-Captain M. Sharp, Mrs. Sr.-Major Wood, Sr.-Major J. Wood, Mrs. Sr.-Major Pedlar, Sr.-Major W. Pedlar, the Training Principal and Mrs. Colonel R. Spooner, Sr.-Major E. Burnell, Sr.-Major Mrs. L. Worthylake, Sr.-Captain D. Fisher, Captain N. Jennings, Captain R. Dray.
Second Row: Cadets J. Beveridge, E. Austin, R. Green, D. O'Connell, Cadet-Sergeants N. Coles, M. Robinson, G. Leonard, D. Beach, V. Woodgate and F. Russell, Cadets E. McLean, L. Taylor, C. Morrison, A. Grant.
Third Row: Cadets E. Woods, N. Birt, S. Lamb, D. Boycott, D. Best, M. Stewart, J. Vaughan, R. Smith, W. Smith, D. McBeath, E. Fuller, J. Drummond, M. Morrison, W. Creighton, H. Tyrell, R. Murray.
Fourth Row: Cadets J. Haynes, D. Stokes, M. Eastland, R. Wratten, Mrs. Wratten, G. King, Mrs. King, R. Evans, Mrs. Evans, R. Dark, Mrs. Dark, A. Peat, Mrs. Peat, M. Philp, J. Cormier, A. McLean.
Fifth Row: Cadets O. Persing, M. Young, M. Young, C. Carling, W. Brown, I. Hann, W. Bird, A. Jarvie, G. McLaughlin, H. Crossland, H. Bullock, G. Kerr, R. Langfield, J. Gracie, R. Anderson, E. Nidd.
Sixth Row: Cadets A. Marshall, A. Creighton, D. Gruer, V. Walter, G. Gerow, A. Lodge, B. Robertson, E. Carlsen, A. Waters, G. Grace, D. Goodridge, J. Sullivan, G. McInnes.

RALLENTANDO

(Continued from page 12)

move was fifteen hundred miles east—to the Territorial centre, Toronto, where the Colonel became Men's Social Secretary. This was later combined with Property Secretary until, in 1945, the Colonel was relieved of the Social and was able to devote his time solely to property affairs. Some substantial buildings have been added to the Army's list of "Houses of God" since the Colonel's accession to the property side of things, including the magnificent Vancouver Temple (perhaps the Colonel thought of his own long stay there when working on the scheme) the fine Men's Social Centre at Montreal, and other impressive structures.

It is encouraging to the Colonel's many musical friends to know that his interest in music will not cease now he has retired. For one thing he intends polishing up numbers of compositions he has on hand "in the rough," and it is expected that the most fruitful period of his life in this direction will be the years of his retirement.

Two sons, Victor and William, have graced the Colonel's home, both of whom have obtained degrees at University, and are making a fine contribution to contemporary life.

Mention must be made of the other members of the Colonel's family. His late brother Henry, acknowledged as a conducting genius, led the Winnipeg Citadel Band for some thirty years, and brought them up to a pitch of excellence. William is Dovercourt's Treasurer (one-time Bandmaster); Percy is the present Territorial Band Inspector, and Captain Benjamin is Finance Secretary and Music Director of the Kansas Division, U.S.A. The Colonel's four sisters, three of whom are active Salvationists, are Mrs. Major H. Martin, Mrs. W. Taylor, Mrs. A. Susans and Mrs. A. Hulme.

Interesting Information

CONCERNING THE 1952-53 SESSION OF CADETS

DRASTIC indeed is the transition from the occupation of photographer, engine fitter, structural draughtsman, telephone operator, school teacher, private secretary or interior decorator—to list but a few of the thirty-six different types of employment represented—to that of a cadet in The Salvation Army

All have some experience of Salvation Army service and the figures indicate that many have held responsible positions in the home corps. Forty-six were company guards, seventeen worked in the scout and guide sections, and three were young people's sergeant-majors, amongst the many young people's



UNIQUE BANDSMEN'S COUNCIL MUSICAL FESTIVAL

with

- COLONEL BRAMWELL COLES, recently of London, England
- ERIK LEIDZEN, noted composer, of New York City
- Hamilton I. Dovercourt and North Toronto Bands
- Outstanding instrumental and vocal soloists

EATON AUDITORIUM

Toronto

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17,
8 P.M.

Reserved Seat Tickets \$1. Send stamped, addressed envelope, with remittance to the Publicity and Special Efforts Department, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ont.

The Territorial Commander will conduct councils for bandsmen of the Toronto, Hamilton, Northern Ontario, and Mid-Ontario Divisions on Sunday, November 16, in the Masonic Temple, Toronto. Three sessions will be held commencing at 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 6 p.m.

Training College. Yet such is the kind of colorful background these young people have. All now, however, are united in one common purpose, to acquire proficiency as "Heralds" of the Gospel.

local officers; while ten held positions in the senior corps outside of membership in the musical forces. There are twenty-two bandsmen, twelve bandswomen, and forty-three songsters in the session.

BERMUDA CONGRESS GATHERINGS

conducted by the Territorial Commander

COMMISSIONER Wm. R. DALZIEL

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22 to TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Thanks To C

A LETTER received from a British Minister in London, Eng., asks the given to its contents for the letter is the Commonwealth Gift. Minister expresses the H.M. Government and of the United Kingdom have at any time gifts to the people conclusion he says, generosity will remain constant reminder of bond which unites us inspiration during the we are now facing to

UNITED FOR

Colonel J. Merritt in marriage Sister D daughter of Brother Uden, of Brantford, and I. MacMillan, of in the Brantford City had formerly given Property Department Headquarters, Toron

The band was in Brother Wallace Ma of the groom, official Others taking part Meakings (Corps C ant-Major T. Brown K. Grist.

The bride's attend sister, Mrs. Ernest Dorothy Amos, and Christine MacMillan groom. The groom Lieutenant Raymond ers were Bandsmer Millan and Jack U



THE WA CHRISTMAS

in attractive blue and been placed in the han throughout the territ be on sale. It contain ion—the old, old st Love, heart-warming exploits, and inspiring pens of the Army's friends in the Old La countries, it makes a tide greeting. The same as other years—

The value of th work is evidenced forty-seven of th transferred from th to the senior corps dedicated in the were junior soldier were corps cadets.

There are twenty ation Salvationists, generation. Twelve of officers. The av cadets is twenty-on

Imbued with th and empowered l God the sixty-eight "Heralds" session the history of Ca year of Salvation